The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

August

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Sylvia Sidney

The Newest Hollywood Thrill!

Is Your Personality like your Film Favorite's?

Consult our Personality Chart

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JUL 18 1932
PHOTOGRAPHIC DIVISION

FAT is a detriment to health as well as beauty!

Depicting chic slenderness so essential in wearing 1932 styles. You, too, can achieve trim, slender lines—just be faithful to your "little daily dose" of Kruschen.

BUT HERE'S THE *SAFE*, EASY, INEXPENSIVE WAY TO REDUCE FAT, AT THE SAME TIME BUILD GLORIOUS HEALTH PERFECTION AND PHYSICAL ATTRACTIVENESS.

Surplus fat not only detracts from a woman's appearance but it's dangerous to one's health as physicians constantly warn. Insurance Statistics show where overweight actually shortens life and one can readily see why:

Excess fat overloads and puts a dangerous strain on the heart, kidneys and liver and they wear out before their time. Overweight makes you old before your time because it slows down all body processes—so better start to-day and get rid of unhealthy, beauty-robbing fat!

What KRUSCHEN Is— Why It's So Successful

Just as important as it is to banish fat—so it is necessary to employ the PROPER means—a SAFE, sensible method which won't injure health and leave you haggard looking with skin wrinkled and flabby. How capably a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in hot water every morning before breakfast fills this need!

Kruschen, used and prescribed by many physicians in their own practice, is the HEALTHY way to reduce. It works most effectively because it's a blend of 6 SEPARATE minerals which help every gland and body organ to function properly—which assist to clear out poisons and fat-forming wastes from the system—which enliven, invigorate and tone up your entire body.

Before the first jar of Kruschen is empty you'll be overjoyed. Skin becomes clear and blemish-free. Kruschen builds up strength INSIDE and OUT. You enjoy greater activity of body and mind—feel younger and won't you be pleased at the loss of fat your scales show. Many men and women hasten results by going lighter on potatoes, pastries and fatty meats.

Mrs. Carl Wilson of Manton, Mich, writes: "For 3 months I've been using Kruschen and have lost 45 pounds—taken 6 inches from hips and 6 inches from bust."

Mrs. Helen Greene of Brooklyn, N. Y. writes: "A physician advised my mother to take Kruschen Salts for overweight—so I immediately started taking it myself. I weighed 192 and after taking 3 jars, I now weigh 165 and never felt better. It's a tonic as well as reducer."

Mrs. Florence Loftus of Boston, Mass. writes: "After taking Kruschen 4 months I reduced from 165 to 127 and feel fine."

Mrs. Edith Speers of St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I'm taking my third jar of Kruschen—my weight was 256—now I'm 185. I eat anything I want, from fat meat to candy. I feel fine. Kruschen is the only thing ever did me any good."

Mrs. Hazel Peel of Akron, Ohio writes: Have been taking Kruschen 3 weeks and reduced my hip measurement from 52 inches to 44 inches so you can see how it's helping me."

Mrs. O. J. Kohrman, Mariners Harbor, S. I., N. Y. writes: "I reduced from 234 to 162 lbs. in less than one year by taking Kruschen and never felt better than I do now."

A jar of Kruschen (lasts 4 weeks) costs but a trifle at all leading druggists thruout the world. For REAL results and your HEALTH'S sake—demand Kruschen Salts—accept nothing else!

KRUSCHEN SALTS

"It's the Little Daily Dose That Does it"

JANET GAYNOR

CHARLES FARRELL

PARTNERS IN LOVE AND ROMANCE

The screen's most popular sweethearts in a tender story of youth during THE FIRST YEAR of married life...Janet and Charlie have never been more captivating than in this, their happiest and sweetest romance.

The FIRST YEAR

Adapted from Frank Craven's stage success produced by . . .

JOHN GOLDEN

Directed by William K. Howard

.... A FOX PICTURE

JUL 11 1932

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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*

Alma Whitaker, *Western Editor*

Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

August, 1932

Vol. XXV, No. 4

THIS MONTH'S PROGRAM

BIG PERSONALITY NUMBER!

Personality! It rules the raves—it rules Hollywood—it rules everything! Without Personality you can't be a screen star—or a featured player in every-day life! SCREENLAND, the Personality Magazine of the movies, is exploring this exciting subject for you. William E. Benton, famous faceologist, begins in this issue his absorbing researches. His Hollywood Personality Chart on Page 17 will fascinate you. And next month you will want to read his intimate analysis of one of the greatest stars of the screen.

Confessions of Hollywood's Gayest Divorcée!

And speaking of Personality—! You must have it in abundance to earn the title of the gayest divorcée in the screen colony! Who is she? Watch for the next issue of SCREENLAND—her confessions will be featured. Remember—September SCREENLAND, on sale July 26th.

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Don't Miss our Hollywood Personality Chart in this Issue!

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COUNT THE HITS

Number 1 "CAUGHT SHORT"

Number 2 "REDUCING"

Number 3 "POLITICS"

AND NOW *those furiously funny females*

Marie DRESSLER

Polly MORAN

in (what this country needs)

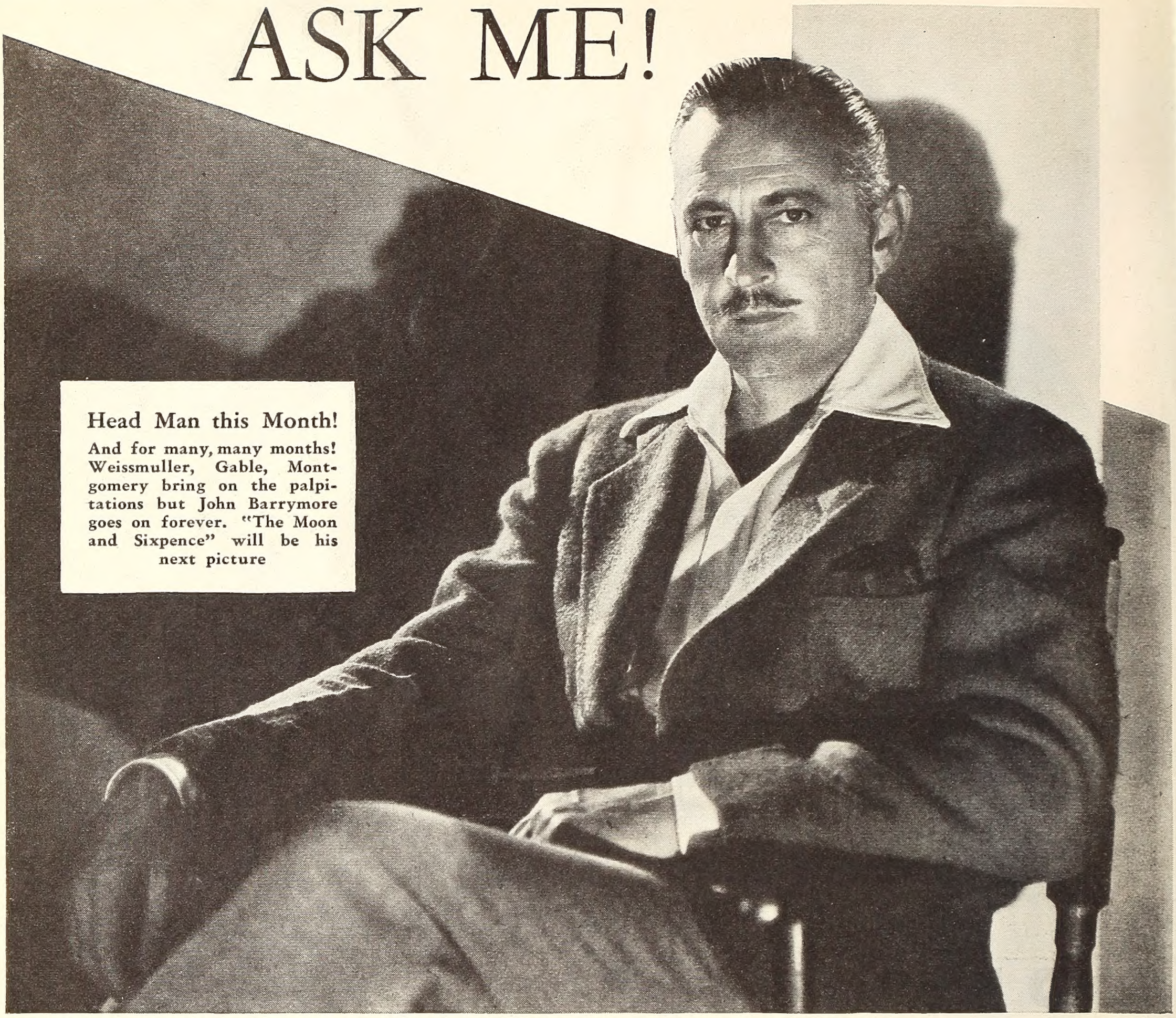
PROSPERITY

with
Anita Page
Wallace Ford
Directed by **Leo McCarey**

Just around the corner, at your favorite movie theatre, the laugh riot of the year! Instead of moping around the house worrying about the Depression—see Marie and Polly tackle the money problem in the funniest picture they've ever made. All the world's been waiting for PROSPERITY. Here it is!

A METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER SCREAMIE!

ASK ME!



Head Man this Month!

And for many, many months! Weissmuller, Gable, Montgomery bring on the palpitations but John Barrymore goes on forever. "The Moon and Sixpence" will be his next picture

By Miss Vee Dee

Jack Barrymore Fan. The name of Barrymore has been synonymous with stage fame for more than a century. Wait a minute! This was due to John's and Lionel's clever great-greats. John is the best known of his generation of the illustrious family—excuse me, Lionel and Ethel, but truth must be served. John was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on February 15, 1882. As a boy his ambition was to be an artist. But the lure of the stage was greater. He made his stage début in Chicago and his success was assured. The most notable of his stage rôles was "Hamlet." His appearance on the screen in "Arsène Lupin," with his brother Lionel, created a demand to see the brothers together. It may become a habit, for you'll see them again in "Grand Hotel." Another late release of John's is "State's Attorney" with Helen Twelvetrees.

S. R.—Movie Fan. If you'll read the story of Greta Garbo in "Mata Hari" with Ramon Novarro, told in pictures in the March, 1932, issue of SCREENLAND, you'll get a better idea of the character she portrayed than I could tell you in this limited space. Garbo was born September 18, 1906, in Stockholm, Sweden. She is 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and has golden hair and blue eyes. Kathryn Crawford is not related to Joan. Kathryn uses her own name on the screen and Joan's was given her by a popular vote of movie fans from all points of the compass. Joan's real name is Lucille LeSeuer.

Anne M. W. What has become of Fred Scott of "The Grand Parade" and "Swing High"? That's what we'd like to know, too. He sang delightfully, had no end of good looks and then left us flat—come on back, Fred; the folks are asking for you.

Margaret. I'd like to give you an account of all the bright youngsters now playing on the screen but it would take pages to do them justice. To begin with, there's Spanky, the freshest member of "Our Gang"; Dickie Moore; Robert Coogan, doing good work in "The Miracle Man." Two older boys, Tommy Conlon and Raymond Borzage, are winning honors in a recent release, "Young America." Ben Alexander is 18 years old. Anita Louise is about 16, and Jackie Cooper is eight.

Kay of Newark. You hope I'm not as funny looking as I am funny in my column! Olive Borden was married some time ago, but is separated now, and returned to the stage. Joan Crawford was born in San Antonio, Texas, on March 23, 1908. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is not the adopted son of Mary and Doug but Doug's own son by a former wife, Beth Sully.

A Warner Baxter Fan. Here is a message to Warner Baxter. "We want more Baxter pictures—plenty more—we don't care how we get 'em but we want 'em." Now it's up to the Fox Company. "Daddy Long Legs" with Janet Gaynor is still a favorite with the Baxter fans. His latest releases are "Amateur Daddy" with Marion Nixon and "Man About Town" with Karen Morley, Lilian Bond, and Conway Tearle. Mrs. Baxter was Winifred Bryson, formerly an actress, who gave up her screen career to become the Missus.

M. G. You have the right idea about awaiting your turn in this busy department—learn to wait and amaze your friends. Nils Asther has appeared in two new pictures and if the fans have a word to say about it, and why not, he will be heard and seen in many other films. He played with Robert Montgomery in "But the Flesh Is Weak," just a small rôle; but in "Letty Lynton" with Joan Crawford he has a stronger part, though an unsympa-

(*Continued on page 94*)

The OLD DARK HOUSE

WEIRD!

Travelers on a mountain road overtaken by a thunder-storm and torrential rain, seek shelter in a mysterious old mansion. It is full of queer characters and uncanny happenings. A remarkable picture with a remarkable cast.

BORIS KARLOFF
MELVYN DOUGLAS
CHARLES LAUGHTON
GLORIA STUART
LILLIAN BOND and others

Directed by
JAMES WHALE

From the novel by J. B. Priestley

Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA — *Carl Laemmle, President* — 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Roses! Razzes!

All write—
win a prize!

The pee-pul's choice! It's Joan Crawford who gets the votes this month, including ours. Following her brilliant work in "Grand Hotel" and "Letty Lynton" she's going to appear soon in "Rain."

CENSORSHIP BEGINS AT HOME!
(First Prize Letter)

At present all the newspapers, movie magazines and various other publications carry complete reports on all the featured films. All parents who can read are able to judge the pictures under their proper classifications, such as Gangster, Horror, Love, Children, etc. There is no sane reason for children under sixteen seeing films not intended for them.

Why should producers be hobbled with various forms of censorship when the whole matter could safely rest with the responsible parties—the parents? Books on all subjects are published and placed within the reach of young people. Why pick on the movies?

Give Hollywood a break!

Zerelda Morton,
901 Roache St.,
Indianapolis, Ind.

IS THIS TRUE?
(Second Prize Letter)

Why all this eternal bickering over various shortcomings of the marvelous group of movie stars and their pictures that we have today? Why can't you and I enter a theatre, sit back, relax, and really enjoy and appreciate the wonderful effort put forth by stars, authors, directors, and their staffs to provide this great form of entertainment?

Why do we have to go there to mark how far Gable's ears "stick out," or how large Garbo's feet are, or try to recognize some of the scenes in "Tarzan, the Ape Man" as "repeats" from "Trader Horn"? And why must we come home and reflect upon the picture we have seen and try to pick out its defects?

The answer is, because the movie fan is an unappreciative creature; and that's why the job of being a star or a producer is a thankless one!

Mrs. R. E. Taylor,
229 Niagara Ave.,
Astoria, Oregon.

As the weather grows hotter, so does the nation-wide censorship debate! Some films are banned, others are cut, and the air grows thick with cries of "Protect the young," "Abolish sex," and "Art for Art's sake." And of course our legion of pen-pushing fans are right in the melée! One particularly sound piece of sense about censorship wins first prize.

The super-critical fan is put on the spot this month—and high time! Then there's much discussion about movie titles, near-stars, and other questions of the moment.

The rave-artists are out in full force, too, with plenty of floral pieces for Joan Crawford, now at the top of her career, and Johnny Weissmuller, who's just begun. "Grand Hotel" gets a generous hand, as do the talkie "Miracle Man," "The Wet Parade," and other recent hits.

Have your say, too—this is a grand free-for-all! And there are prizes for the four best letters—$20, $10, $5 and $5, respectively. Write 150 words or less, and mail to reach us by the 10th of each month. Address Roses and Razzes, SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St., New York.

"A CHANCE TO DREAM"
(Third Prize Letter)

I'm not so very old, nor am I so very young. Just old enough, just young enough, to remember when Mary Pickford was the rage, and thence on down to Garbo and Crawford!

All people dream, whether they're old and moth-eaten, or whether they still wear rose-colored glasses. Few people have the chance to "live"—circumstances deprive them of that right; but all have the chance

The Newest Hollywood Thrill! See Page 51

to dream. And if some poor soul, whose eyes are dead like a daub of paint before the artist has endowed it with life, can slip into a darkened theatre for a couple of hours and gaze into Gable's eyes, long to pat young Doug on the head, or look in wonder at Lionel Barrymore, I call that worthwhile!

Long live the movies!

Ruth E. Stivers,
245 East High Street,
Lexington, Kentucky.

HOW ABOUT IT, JOHNNY?
(Fourth Prize Letter)

We love to make heroes, and Johnny Weissmuller seemes to be the next in line for promotion. (Or is it demotion in some cases?) At any rate, the superman of "Tarzan" should make a gorgeous idol for a time. An earnest young man suddenly caught in the toils of public acclaim!

Place your bets, folks! Will he stay a "natural"? The game is on, and the chances look about even. Johnny scores a great big success with his very first feature; and this is going to affect him, unquestionably. The question is, *How?*

So get a grip on yourself, Johnny. We believe you have the stuff in you to remain yourself, even in Hollywood!

Hilda S. Bailey,
310 Washington St.,
Hampton, Va.

CONTAGIOUS CRAWFORD!

I want to pay a tribute to that very fine little actress, Joan Crawford—not only for her recent acting triumphs, but also for her amazing development from a somewhat jittery jazz-singer to the magnetic personality she is today.

I know of no other star who has attained in a few years the enviable position which Joan holds in the hearts of her fans. Unless I am very much mistaken, a few more successes will put her at the very top of her profession. Why not another picture with Clark Gable? I can think of no other couple who seem to bring out to such a degree the greatest and best in each other. Their love scenes are exquisite. Here's success and love for Joan—a great artist and trouper!

Elizabeth Avery,
2606 Maryland Ave.,
Baltimore, Md.

MORE MIRACULOUS THAN EVER!

About that masterpiece, "The Miracle Man!"

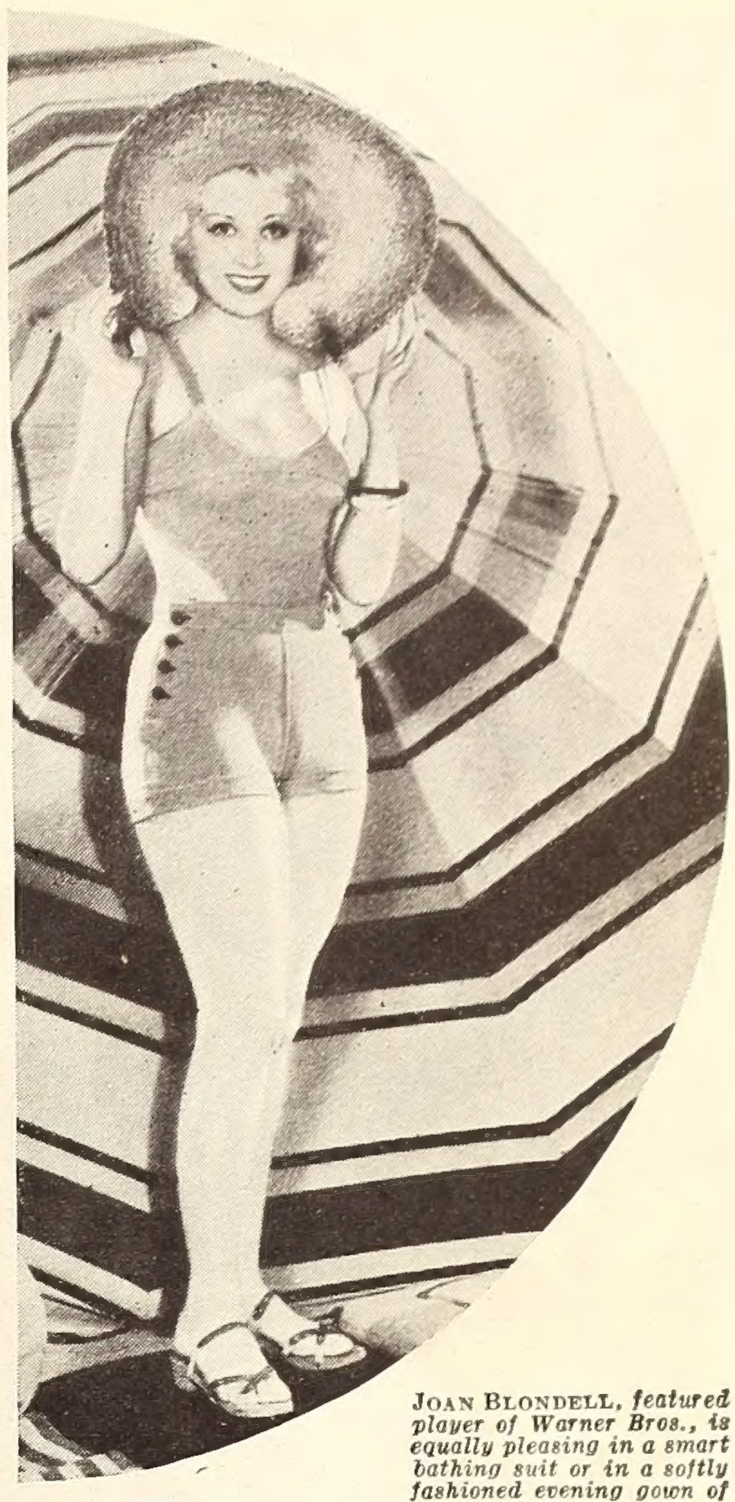
Here is a picture—powerful, sincere, dramatic—that defies all description. A milestone, almost, marking the tremendous strides taken by the new and greater movies, since the comparatively recent advent of meritorious sound pictures.

When the silent version of this great story of faith, miracles and regeneration was unfolded, sometime ago, we thought: "Never will such another picture be filmed, not in a thousand years!" And now we are thrilling to the 1932 version—richer and more convincing by far, even to those who will always cherish a bright memory of the earlier, silent version.

This epochal picture has destroyed all old standards—and has given us a metaphoric mental yardstick by which to judge the "master" pictures and "master" casts of the future!

T. Nelson, Jr.,
1030 Second Ave. So.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

(Continued on page 98)



JOAN BLONDELL, *featured player of Warner Bros., is equally pleasing in a smart bathing suit or in a softly fashioned evening gown of net and silver sequins.*

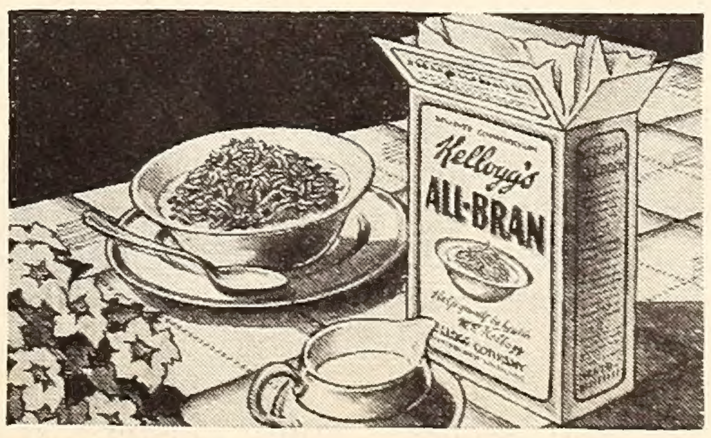
Curves, Today,
ARE AS IMPORTANT AS COMPLEXIONS

NO LONGER can we dare ignore our figure. Dame Fashion has decreed that feminine curves must show themselves—whether in sports togs or in the clinging, revealing evening gown.

Fortunately, these modern clothes require the figure of normal womanhood. To be chic, we must retain our health and beauty while reducing.

A primary rule of health is proper elimination. Otherwise, sallow skins, wrinkles, pimples, premature aging, loss of appetite and energy may result.

Faulty elimination is caused by lack of two things in the diet: "Bulk" and Vitamin B. You can obtain both of these dietary necessities in a delicious cereal: Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Its bulk is similar to that of leafy vegetables. Two tablespoonfuls daily will prevent and relieve most types of improper elimination.



How much better it is to enjoy this delicious "cereal way" than to risk taking pills and drugs—so often harmful and habit-forming.

Another thing, ALL-BRAN furnishes iron to build blood, and help prevent dietary anemia. Tests show that ALL-BRAN contains twice as much blood-building iron as an equal amount by weight of beef-liver.

Enjoy as a cereal, or use in making fluffy bran muffins, breads, waffles, etc. ALL-BRAN is not fattening. Recommended by dietitians. Look for the red-and-green package at your grocer's. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

"CHARM"

Packed with valuable beauty-hints, and advice on charm and health. With special menus for reducing wisely. In addition, leading motion-picture actresses are shown in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. G-8, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "CHARM."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Hollywood Picnics

A colorful luncheon party at Herbert Brenon's Peter Pan Cottage. Peek under the umbrellas and discover the celebrities for yourself!

Herbert Brenon gives grand beach parties at Peter Pan Cottage. Try his "California Stuffed Lobster" recipe

A gay gang at Brenon's luncheon. That's Robert Montgomery still eating. Others are Mary Brian, Jimmy Gleason, Buster Keaton, Lew Cody, Leo Carrillo, Lucile Gleason, and Joan Marsh.

HERBERT BRENON had the director's eye for intriguing backgrounds when he picked Malibu Beach for his all-year-round home and the scene of many of his parties.

Built at the edge of the beach, on a stretch of white sand, and the Pacific beyond that, Brenon's home, called Peter Pan Cottage, has a setting for entertaining that is ever-changing and always beautiful.

The director has become famous for his outdoor parties. A long strip of close-cut grass and flower gardens is set with umbrella-shaded tables for luncheons and teas. A day spent out of doors—in the surf, along the beach, and on the Brenon tennis courts—develops ravenous appetities, which are dealt with by such menus as stuffed lobster, sausage and fried pineapple, perhaps stuffed rib chops with apples, and dainty sandwiches and salads.

Recipes for many of these appetizing dishes have been wheedled out of Herbert Brenon's cook and are printed here.

CALIFORNIA STUFFED LOBSTER

Boil lobster.
3 tbs. butter
3 tbs. flour
grated nutmeg, salt and pepper to taste
1 tsp. lemon juice
1 egg
bread crumbs

Mince lobster meat as finely as possible, adding the coral if there is any. Cream butter and flour in saucepan and when mixed add one cup milk and cook to a thick sauce. Add salt, pepper, lemon juice and nutmeg. Mix well. While still hot, add lobster and spread on plate to cool, having mixture about ½ inch thick.

Clean shells and fill with mixture. Sprinkle top with cheese and bread crumbs, mixed with small pieces of butter. Serve with quartered lemon and parsley.

The California lobster, Brenon explains, is known as spiny lobster. It does not have (*Continued on page 93*)

and Parties

Lucile Gleason playing hostess at her ranch picnic to Mrs. Neil Hamilton, Neil Hamilton, Ruth Weston, Russell Gleason, Mrs. Ken Maynard, Lilian Bond, Ken Maynard, and seated are Orville Knapp (Evalyn's brother), and Don Cook.

And the Gleasons rough it on their twenty-five acre ranch. Um-mm, that chocolate cake Lucile bakes!

NEXT to the view, which includes a magnificent panorama of California mountains and long stretches of valley, Lucile Webster Gleason's cake brought forth more pleased exclamations than anything else when the Gleasons gave their first picnic party after acquiring their 25-acre ranch.

Less than a half hour's drive from Hollywood, James Gleason found the old ranch while exploring country roads one spring afternoon. He immediately saw it as an ideal place for the pasturage of his seventeen polo ponies.

Mrs. Gleason was equally enthusiastic. In the first five minutes her eyes lighted on the ranch, she was mentally hauling long picnic tables and benches from the city to place under the wide spreading oak trees surrounding the house, and planning picnic luncheons and suppers and breakfasts.

Russell Gleason spied the miniature polo field on the ranch and his recent interest in the game took new incentive.

So they took the ranch. And almost immediately began telephoning invitations for their first picnic party.

"When you have once had a ranch for entertaining you will never be without one!" laughed Mrs. Gleason, as she cut and served huge portions of the chocolate and cocoanut cakes, about which more will be heard later.

Whether you are being sold a home in Beverly Hills, or a ranch in San Fernando Valley, Mrs. Gleason has discovered that the tactics of Hollywood real estate men are exactly the same.

"I'll never forget the incident when we were house-hunting after arriving in Hollywood," related Mrs. Gleason. "A salesman showed us the house we later bought and remarked, evidently as the chief selling point: 'And this place is only ten minutes from Henry's Restaurant.'

"After living in hotels and trains most of our lives, we buy a home where we can have our own cook and favorite recipes and they try to sell us the place because it is only ten minutes from a restaurant!"

When the Gleasons were going over the ranch, the salesman pointed out this and that feature, coming to his climax of "And this place is just—"

"Oh, we know," spoke up Russell, "it's just twenty minutes from Henry's!"

The ranch is the beginning of a dream James Gleason has had for years. It is based on his belief that Southern California possesses the ideal climate for breeding a fine type of polo pony. It also furnishes an excellent alibi, according to other members of the family.

When there is something (*Continued on page 95*)

Hello, Leslie!

SCREENLAND Speaking.

Just want to tell you that you're on our Honor Page!

Howard proves it once more! Hollywood has called him back to do the romantic rôles he plays so charmingly on the stage. And now, in "Reserved for Ladies," he shows us that they did the wise thing

Leslie Howard and Elizabeth Allan in this British-made picture personify all that is clever and graceful in polite English comedy. Leslie is back in Hollywood now—how about Elizabeth?

And so are you, Elizabeth, for your charming performance in "RESERVED FOR LADIES"

She has everything that is asked of our light comediennes of the American screen. Will Elizabeth Allan join the ranks of Hollywood's glamorous ladies? Just wait and see!

Here's a big hand across the sea for another picture charmer—Elizabeth Allan of England. If you saw her gay and gracious performance opposite Leslie Howard we need say no more. Hollywood, you sent for Lilian Harvey—why not this new and equally delightful English girl?

Watch for Leslie Howard in "The Animal Kingdom" —on the screen soon, for RKO

He made them believe it! Endowed with humor and finesse of the most amusing sort, Leslie was at first relegated to ordinary rôles in American pictures. Then he brought all his unique charm to "The Animal Kingdom" on the New York stage—and now he's done it again in a picture. No wonder Hollywood took him back—on his own terms!

Drawing by Victor De Pauw

Movie star, to producer: "Please, Mr. Blotz, my husband and I would like to have a baby."

An Open Letter *to* Cagney

DEAR JIMMY:

I'm going to give you h--l!

I know you, and I know that no matter what the rest of the world may think you aren't so very different from those parts you play on the screen. You're supposed, you know, to be two very different men. One, the rough, tough Cagney people pay to see in pictures. The other, the charming, quiet, cultured chap who works out his characterizations carefully and relies upon a very active intelligence and technique to see him through. Well, you're charming, all right, James Cagney; and you're quiet—you speak slowly and softly; and you're cultured—I mean, you read books and you study and you even think. But underneath—under those layers of civilized reactions and sense of humor and study, you're still Cagney the Cave-Man, the Menace. You're a fighter. You are even, I might as well come right out with it, good and tough.

Now before you clench that fist and mutter "Why, you little ——" through your teeth, listen a minute. I like you. I liked you first for your excellent acting. I liked you, second, when I met you because you are utterly unlike every other actor. You didn't kid yourself. You were in demand, but you still got a kick when a big burly truck-driver snarled traffic on Sixth Avenue for the sake of yelling, "Hi, Jimmy!" Yes, you were pretty nice. I remember your phoning your mother first thing when you came into town—"Hello, Mom," you said. And I remember particularly a conversation you and I had on the subject of "Going Hollywood."

We were saying that so many actors couldn't keep their heads out there. A frown puckered your forehead — you looked like a worried faun. "I hope that doesn't happen to me," you said, as if it had just occurred to you. "I hope I don't change." And I said, "*You* won't."

Now what I want to know, Jimmy Cagney, is this: *Have* you?

Now, now. Don't get excited. Stop cursing out of the corner of your mouth. I just asked you a simple question. And the reason it came up is your own fault. You've gone on strike. If you don't get more money from your studio—$4,000 a week, the story goes—you're getting out of pictures.

Is this so? Now wait a minute. You're James Cagney, famous for what? For "The Public Enemy," and "Taxi," and "The Crowd Roars," and "Winner Take All." If James Cagney made those films, then those films just as certainly made James Cagney. The last-named feature is now being released. Unless, you say, you get the money you want it will be your last picture for a long, long time. And you'll go your way merrily cashing in on your Hollywood fame. For how long, Jimmy? How many months will your picture prestige carry you? And then what? Think it over. Your fans are many, but their memories are short.

Meanwhile, Warner Brothers may give in. They gave in to you before. And if they do, it'll be nice. No matter what happens, you've given us some swell shows. Nobody can take that away from you. But I wish you'd sit down and talk tough to yourself. Somebody should. You say you're satisfied with your stories and direction—it's just the money.

Jimmy, is that nice? That sounds more like "Going Hollywood" than anything else.

Now go ahead and hit me!

Delight Evans

Is Your Personality Like Your Film Favorite's?

Consult Our Personality Chart

by Wm. E. Benton

CARVED in the enduring rock above the doorway to the Delphic Temple in Greece are the words, "Know Thyself." In ancient days people came from afar to this great Grecian temple to learn of their personalities and their probable fate or expression.

In this age of turmoil and change modern man is even more eager to know of the potentialities of his personality. Nowadays we have the spectacle of thousands of people with the sheer character to make many thousands of dollars a year from that strange, almost intangible something dubbed by Elinor Glyn as "It," but in reality an understandable sum total of physical and mental qualities known as Personality.

It has been my good fortune to discuss "It," or Personality, with Elinor Glyn and hundreds who have "It" in abundance and are cashing in on it in millions. The strangest thing about it all was this: Those whom the box office had proved to have "It" in abundance were most eager to have me read their character and sum up their strengths and weaknesses, so that they might still better know themselves, be themselves, and last but not least, be cast for the type of part they could play with most convincing naturalness.

Harold and Mrs. Lloyd, and a hundred others, have eagerly furthered my efforts to promote the study of Personality among the motion picture people. None other than that Dean of Directors, and casting director extraordinary, David Wark Griffith, has encouraged me on numerous occasions to make this study an amusement. He said that "95 per cent of the people want to be amused, and only five per cent want to study in a serious way." So I want to dedicate this Personality Chart to David Wark Griffith, for I think it is this casting director *par excellence* who has perhaps discovered more of the million-dollar personalities than anyone else —who has done the most to teach character analysis in the most pleasant way imaginable.

Merely attend the theatre and see any well-cast modern motion picture. For instance, "Tarzan the Ape Man." It took a strong, well-developed body like Johnny Weissmuller's to make you feel that *Tarzan* lived. Maureen O'Sullivan, with her tip-tilted, almost snobbish, social nose and strong chin, was the society girl with many trunks of clothes that brought a laugh at her entrance, but through her courage at a crucial moment won your heart. Well, in all pictures that are compellingly natural in cast you will find yourself learning to believe your eyes in character analysis.

This is a Personality Chart using forty-eight features of real personalities, each feature the strong note of that actor's or actress' face. Will Rogers *is* nosey—a nose for news. Marie Dressler surely has a hospitable, full-lobed ear. How she loves to cook for her friends! Last but not least, the full-browed and strong-jawed Garbo with intelligence shown in full brow, and great determination shown in her strong jaw. A combination ideal; a keen brain beneath a full brow and a strong jaw to give the strength to fight for success.

Your personality is worth as much to you as anyone's, and by comparing yourself feature by feature with those of the stars you can and will know more about your fund of "It," or Personality. You can "know thyself," then be yourself, for health, wealth, and happiness.

The world always has and always will award its biggest prizes to strength and beauty. Beauty and harmony are shown by those types of features. Strength of character is indicated in strong rugged features.

May you have your share of both!

YOUR OWN PERSONALITY—HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW IT?

Knowledge is Power! Find out about your character and your possibilities through these three modern branches of human analysis:

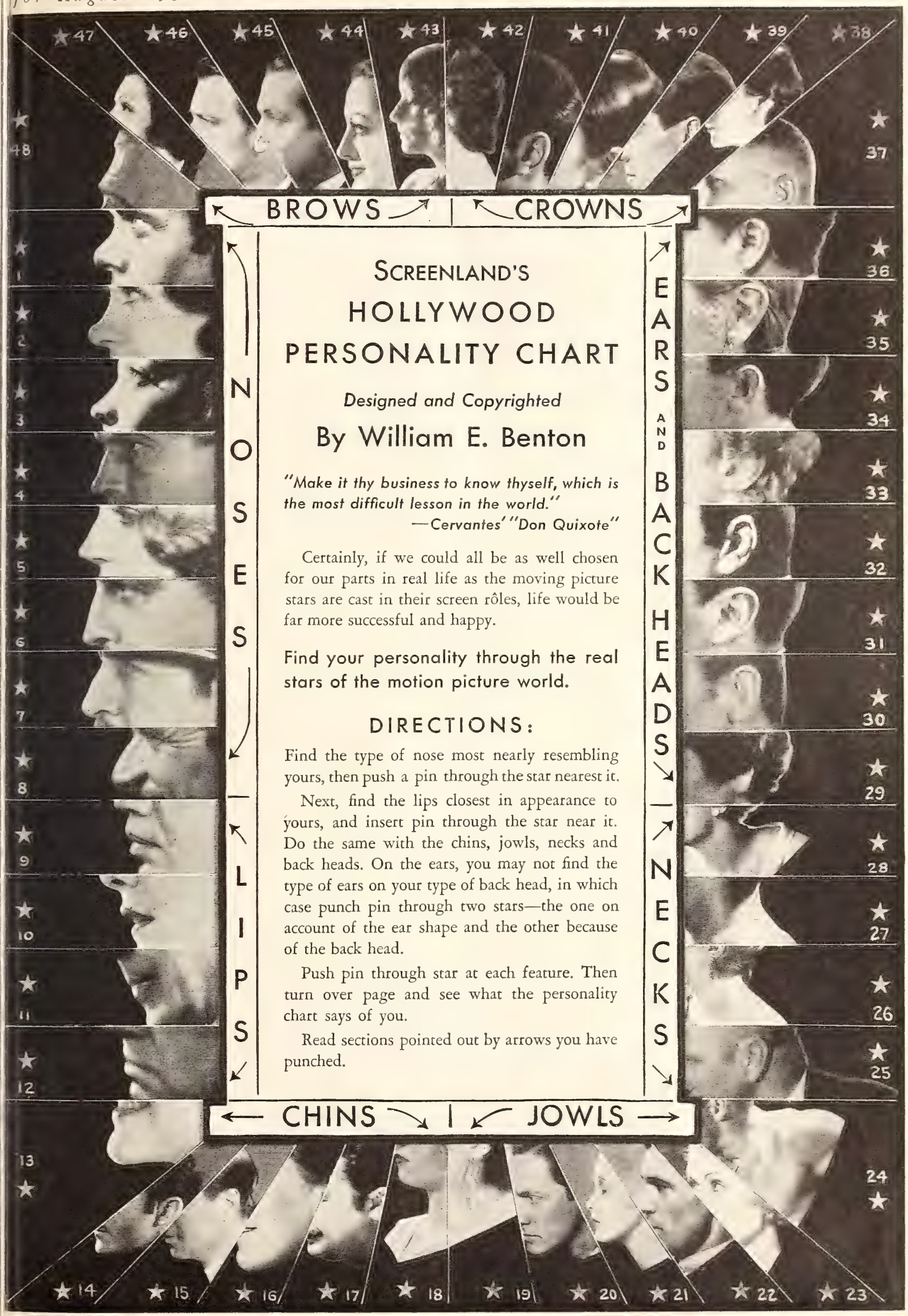
1. **Faceology.** Study of the features. Send your photograph—or, if you do not have a small snapshot which can be sent in an ordinary-sized envelope, simply jot down the numbers which correspond with your facial characteristics on the Personality Chart. This will help to give a correct analysis of your personality.

2. **Graphology.** Send sample of your handwriting. A dozen words are sufficient.

3. **Numerology.** Send your full name—including given name—and your birth date.

Send these indexes of your character with your name and address and twenty-five cents to:

William E. Benton, c/o SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.
and you will receive a comparative analysis of yourself through the medium of these three sciences that will entertain and—what is more important—help you.



SCREENLAND'S HOLLYWOOD PERSONALITY CHART

Designed and Copyrighted

By William E. Benton

"Make it thy business to know thyself, which is the most difficult lesson in the world."
—Cervantes' "Don Quixote"

Certainly, if we could all be as well chosen for our parts in real life as the moving picture stars are cast in their screen rôles, life would be far more successful and happy.

Find your personality through the real stars of the motion picture world.

DIRECTIONS:

Find the type of nose most nearly resembling yours, then push a pin through the star nearest it.

Next, find the lips closest in appearance to yours, and insert pin through the star near it. Do the same with the chins, jowls, necks and back heads. On the ears, you may not find the type of ears on your type of back head, in which case punch pin through two stars—the one on account of the ear shape and the other because of the back head.

Push pin through star at each feature. Then turn over page and see what the personality chart says of you.

Read sections pointed out by arrows you have punched.

Ramon Novarro's high crown. Pride, firmness, dignity, sense of responsibility. Uncompromising ideals. Alert, intense, ambitious, self-confident.

Mona Maris' crown shows great appreciation of public opinion. Loves grandeur, display, pomp, color, ceremony. Keenly sensitive to praise.

Ricardo Cortez' crown—firmness, pride, a feeling that one is captain of one's soul. Such natures often misunderstood. Strong-willed.

Dolores Del Rio's sloping crown. Friendly, emotional nature; dislikes routine. Alternates quickly from delight to despair. Very romantic.

Janet Gaynor's high crown, spiritual, sensitive, inspired. Religion important to such souls, without strict ritual. Often disillusioned.

Eric Von Stroheim's crown—high, full. Self-confidence, dislikes interference. May go to great depths and heights. Intense, self-centered.

Charles Chaplin's elfin ear. Shrewd, mischievous, erratic. Musical. Very secretive. Active, changeful, impulsive. Impishly impractical. Incurably romantic.

June Clyde's musical, angular ear indicates great appreciation of technique in music or romance. Calm, cool—controlled emotions.

Buster Keaton's ears and large back head. Friendliness, fondness for children and pets; greatest happiness through friends. Highly emotional nature.

Leila Hyams' wide-lobed ear and curly hair. Receptive, eager, fond of music. Spontaneous, harmonious. Loving, but demands understanding mate.

Warner Baxter's out-thrust, athletic ear, average back head. Directness in relationships, individualism. Demands freedom of action. Romantically possessive.

Norman Foster's hard ears. Musically talented, ambitious, receptive. Harmonious, broad-minded. Seeks ideal romance. Super-sensitive to commands.

Warren William's small back head and keen ears. Cool, calculating mind ruling heart. More romantic than domestic—often indifferent.

Marie Dressler's full-lobed ear. Natural leaning toward creature comforts. Warm-hearted, sympathetic, tolerant. Tendency to mother everybody.

Irene Dunne's short neck shows a balanced nature; mentally and physically healthy, wholesome, matter of fact. Solicitous, cheering.

Johnny Weissmuller's athletic neck. Powerful, dextrous, magnetic, vital. Eager, acquisitive, romantic, domestic. Encourages to health by example.

Anita Page's slender neck. High-strung, nervous; mind-over-matter type. Wiry; changeable. Mental and physical health are interdependent.

Wallace Beery's full neck. Bohemian, boisterous; is convivial, assured. Generally acquires wealth. Loves comfort. Worldly; extravagant tastes.

George O'Brien's jowl and shoulder altogether athletic. Will to physical exertion exceeds mental. Such natures concentrate on sports. Restless.

Constance Bennett's flat, wide jowl. Singleness of purpose. Will stronger than body. Happiness depends on good judgment. Inclined to obstinacy.

Gary Cooper's jowl is wide, strong, showing tenacity, patriotism, found on frontiersmen. Pliable on non-essentials, stubborn on essentials.

Vivienne Osborne's jowl indicates vivacity; sense of the psychological moment to grasp opportunities. Found on diplomats. Somewhat extravagant.

Fredric March's square jowl. Determination, perseverance, strong defensive feelings. Keen for natural law, order, equity. Great tenacity.

Helen Twelvetrees' curving jowl. Desire for security and protection. Mild and persuasive. Generally yielding, but heroic in emergencies.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s straight brow shows accuracy, science, artistry. Endowed with keen observation and constructive ability. Very dextrous.

Robert Montgomery's brows. Observation and reflection; carelessness as a defense mechanism. Equal love of fact and fiction. Sophisticated.

Joan Crawford's arched brows and full eyes. Loves life in all phases; talkative, persuasive, enthusiastic. Great imagination.

Claudette Colbert's brows, credulous, gay, talented in music and dancing; creative, possessing initiative in all the dramatic arts. Varying moods.

Greta Garbo's exotic brows. Lives most keenly when acting. Ordinary life boring. Idealistic, studious. Varying—elusive, then direct.

Clark Gable's brow, very active, observant, artistic, mechanical, better understanding of things than of people. Love of facts. Occasionally tragic.

Charles Bickford's nose. Emotional, abrupt, combative; varies quickly from mad to glad. Best in outdoor action. Sometimes pugnacious, but frank.

Ruth Chatterton's nose. Poetical, intuitive, inspired in the arts. Does best through artistic cooperation. Often supersensitive; emotional.

Sylvia Sidney's nose. Social type, ambitious, creative, sensitive; quick actions and judgments. Best in idealistic surroundings. Snobbish tendencies.

Richard Barthelmess' nose. Practicality, constructiveness, love of motion by all means of travel. Direct, serious minded. Somewhat militant, but fair.

Marion Davies' nose. Capricious, optimistic, intuitive; absorbs knowledge, literally and figuratively a good mixer with all people. Carefree spirit.

John Barrymore's nose. Keen mind, scientific, accurate; love of specialized knowledge and effort. Capacity for technique. Critically inclined.

Adolphe Menjou's nose. Sophisticated, calm, penetrating. Suggests investigator, detective. Prefers brain over brawn. Sarcastic tendencies.

Will Rogers' nose. Politic, acquisitive; zealous student by observation; mechanical, reasoning, purposeful; suggests pioneers and explorers. Newsily nosey.

Edward G. Robinson's lips. Affable, ardent, loquacious. Keen salesman, actor. Anticipates people's wants. Great sense of taste. Most sanguine.

Elissa Landi's lips. Appealing, affectionate, variable. Likes merited praise. Found on most actresses. Loves free expression in arts.

George Arliss' lips. Reserved, super-sensitive; infinite patience in preparation for achievement. Prim, precise; aristocratic but considerate.

Lewis Stone's stiff lip. Law, order, equity, fairness. Legal type of mind. Handles others' affairs well. Often dogmatic, but fair.

Maureen O'Sullivan's chin. Wilful, adventurous, crusading, achieving; great courage. Often found on military and athletic leaders. Independent.

John Boles' dimpled, square chin. Chivalry, love of friendly conquest. Decisive, ingenuous, agreeable. Ability to lead. Demands appreciation. Active.

Maurice Chevalier's "Hapsburg Lip," and chin. Love of luxury, small patience with Puritanical repressions. Ideal host, loves to please. Often temperamental.

Joan Bennett's sloping chin. Shows love of peace. Such people are usually lovable, easily led but never driven; somewhat dependent.

Jean Hersholt's double chin. Ideal caterer to public taste. Such chins spell abundance. Bohemianism, artistry. Good cook. Demands comforts.

Rose Hobart's long chin. Strongly individualistic; bends but does not give in. Strong extremist, good or bad. Puritan or rebel.

HIT-MAKER!

Thank him for many hours of enjoyment in screen theatres! He is called the "Little Napoleon of Culver City"—and he is Norma Shearer's husband in private life. They're happy!

Meet the production genius who gave you "Grand Hotel" and other great films. A vivid impression of Irving Thalberg

By

Alma Whitaker

OF SLIGHT stature and slim build, the boyish executive of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, Irving Thalberg, reminds one of this new "controlled explosion" gasoline they use in airplanes. Relentless force encompassing smooth motion, guiltless of jars.

His is the guiding mind, the driving force which pervades the production activity of that great organization. Yet he never blows up, never even raises his voice. Nor is he often seen on the sets—unobtrusive power. Nevertheless his influence appears in every production.

Thalberg has the slender hands, the deep eyes of the artist, and the whiplash brain of the business genius, combined with an unerring instinct for drama.

He can sit at a preview, that psychological clinic of the mass mind, watch the audience, return to the studio and reassemble the film, and turn an imminent failure into a sure-fire success.

He will often astound an author by injecting new brilliant ideas into a script with a magic touch, while conferring on a story. His mind seems to have an amazing capacity for thinking about six things at once.

This man looks almost frail. His nerves are always keyed to a high tension, yet always under control. He walks up and down restlessly while figuring out a problem; toys with a fountain pen, or draws little figures while discussing a contract with an actor. An agreement is reached, Thalberg jots down a memorandum on a pad and with a laconic "Sign here!" the matter is settled.

Yet he is human, too—he finds plenty of time for helping to straighten out personal woes. And his home life with Norma Shearer and the baby is a greater romance to him than any he has ever filmed on the screen.

Young Irving went to public school in Brooklyn and learned shorthand and Spanish, which enabled him to get a job in an export firm. His first connection with films was an office job with Universal in New York. He was soon Carl Laemmle's secretary, rising swiftly to general manager. Then he went to Louis B. Mayer and remained after the consolidation now known as M.G.M.

His first laurels were won upon his launching of such films as "Merry-go-Round," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," and later "The Big Parade," "Ben-Hur," and "The Merry Widow," for all of which he was the guiding genius.

Talkies to add to his string were "Madame X," "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "Trader Horn," "The Sin of Madelon Claudet"—culminating with his greatest achievement, "Grand Hotel," which was Thalberg's conception from start to finish.

All this prodigious energy and accomplishment is achieved on a vegetable diet for the stomach, symphony music for the senses, newsreels for brain nourishment. He loves to travel, but begrudges the time away from the studio—hence the newsreel taste for vicarious journeyings.

He is usually to be seen in a blue serge suit. Now men with a *penchant* for blue are invariably strong in the artistic interests—there's an affinity between blue and imaginative minds.

A human little touch is his habit of bringing his young son with him in the car when he comes to work in the mornings—they live by the ocean in Santa Monica. And he's as normal as the rest of us in his naïve delight in the amateur movies he takes of Norma and the baby at home. If the truth were told, he probably considers these his real *chefs-d'œuvre*.

He doesn't like to be called "the Boy Wonder"—but we can't help it, that's what he is.

That's Irving Thalberg!

How They Love *in* Hollywood!

Nils Asther "came back" strong as Joan Crawford's lover in "Letty Lynton." He combined just the right amount of romance with deference to the star—so now the others are after him for their pictures, too!

The leading screen lover, of course, is Clark Gable—how the ladies fight for his compelling support! Clark tries to do the sporting thing and give them all a chance in turn.

THERE is, of course, a "leading man" in every film that stars a beauteous lady. He is an enormously important person, mainly because he must not only make love to the lady but it must seem perfectly reasonable that the lady should seem to be whole-heartedly responsive in at least some part of the story.

Hence certain very definite qualities must be his. He must have sex appeal. He must be reasonably manly and good-looking. He must be able at least to *seem* devastatingly interesting. He must be a first class actor—yet not so good that he steals the lady star's best scenes. He must be old enough to make the star appear a little younger, yet young enough to stir romantic impulses, not alone in the heroine of the story but in the breasts of feminine film fans.

In short, the dear chap must be the perfect second fiddle, an incomparable foil for her charms, without ever for a moment jeopardizing the supremacy of the starry siren.

So you will realize that there is no surplus of supply in this delicate field. The few really desirable leading men are urgently coveted by competing women stars.

So far Clark Gable heads the list. Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Marion Davies have a great time angling for his services as a professional lover in their pictures. Rivalry is keen. So far Joan Crawford has secured Gable most often, but M.G.M. finds it necessary to keep the peace by doling him out in turn, as impartially as the rigors of the arguments permit.

Once Clark Gable becomes a star in his own right, his coveted charms as a leading man would be apt to fade—unless he could be persuaded to sacrificial considerations as Ramon Novarro was when he stepped off his own starry pedestal to play the rather negligible rôle of Garbo's lover in "Mata Hari." No one seems to realize just how magnanimous Ramon was in the concessions he made in that picture.

Robert Montgomery runs Clark Gable a close second on the Metro lot, even if he has been conceded some starring vehicles on his own. But Robert, you see, has infinite tact. Tact is such a precious asset in this field. Hence it was reasonably safe to co-star Robert with Norma Shearer in "Private Lives"—clever enough to let Norma seem a little more clever. It is the same with Joan Crawford in "Letty Lynton." His name is second to Joan's in the electric lights—just sufficiently less im-

Those loving leading men—they often win stars, but seldom stardom

By Colin Reynolds

portant to meet all requirements in proper fashion.

Ever since Wallace Ford managed to attract attention as the condemned soldier in "Abraham Lincoln," his stock has sailed upward. Three ladies have shown a marked interest in his professional charms—Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, and Anita Page. He was only the second lead in "Possessed," but he became the leading man with Jean in "The Beast of the City" and with Anita in "Prosperity." Here is an interesting case in which the studio yearns for the rising *eclat* of a young man, so that there will be someone besides Clark Gable for their stars to wrangle over! The only trouble is that Wallace is not quite tall enough to make slightly tall heroines look delicately petite. Only the little girls can be counted upon to put their o.k. on Wallace in romantic rôles.

Conrad Nagel can always be depended upon to be a thoroughly gentlemanly leading man—for which reason, poor chap, stardom has passed him by. Conrad is the right height, the right age, a good actor, a competent lover—but he never exactly carries audiences away to the point where they forget the lady is the star of the picture.

Nils Asther is staging a come-back. He, too, appears in "Letty Lynton." Didn't Joan rake in a fancy array of nice men for that picture? The studio tells us that Shearer has also tagged him and that other studios have been dickering to borrow him.

Joel McCrea has almost reached Gable's class as a screen lover. Ever since his success with Constance Bennett in "The Common Law," R.K.O. has been parceling him out amongst (*Continued on page 84*)

Robert Montgomery runs Gable a close second among Metro lovers. He's tactful enough to be a clever actor, while letting the lady star appear just a bit more clever!

George Brent is head man among the romancers on the Warner lot. He made a convincing sweetheart for Ruth Chatterton in "The Rich are always With Us."

There's something about Leslie Howard's cultivated love-making that provides a unique thrill. Ann Harding had him in "Devotion"—and she gets him again for "The Animal Kingdom"!

Sylvia and Sheraton—both genuine! Miss Sidney, very new, and her huge Sheraton piece, very old, co-star in this home photograph.

If you like Sylvia Sidney, you'll like her new home. Read all about it here

By

Hale Horton

Here's Sylvia's modernistic study, where Sylvia—actually—studies her lines. The desk is for fan letters. Is yours there?

SYLVIA SIDNEY'S new Beverly Hills home is causing as much comment as Connie Bennett's child and very little more is known about it, hence the attendant gossip proves varied and strange.

Some sleuths place the number of rooms at fifteen, while others say twenty—thirty. Some brand it austere, forbidding, uncomfortable, while others praise its intimacy, its perfect taste and mellow livableness. Some cheer the swimming pool, others pan it. "And my *dear,*" they whisper, "she lives in it all sole alone. *Tsck!*"

The facts are that Sylvia recently leased a spacious, twelve-room house out in Beverly Hills, the spot all good stars pick when they click. And since she furnished it by herself the house seems to have absorbed much of her personality. For example, it emanates a spirit of "Well, here I am; shorn of all sham and superficialities; warm, human, individual, artistic and comfortably independent. If you like me just as I am, I'll be happy to have you come over sometime. Otherwise, I'll try and get along without you." So if you fancy Sylvia Sidney, you'll like her house. And *vice versa!*

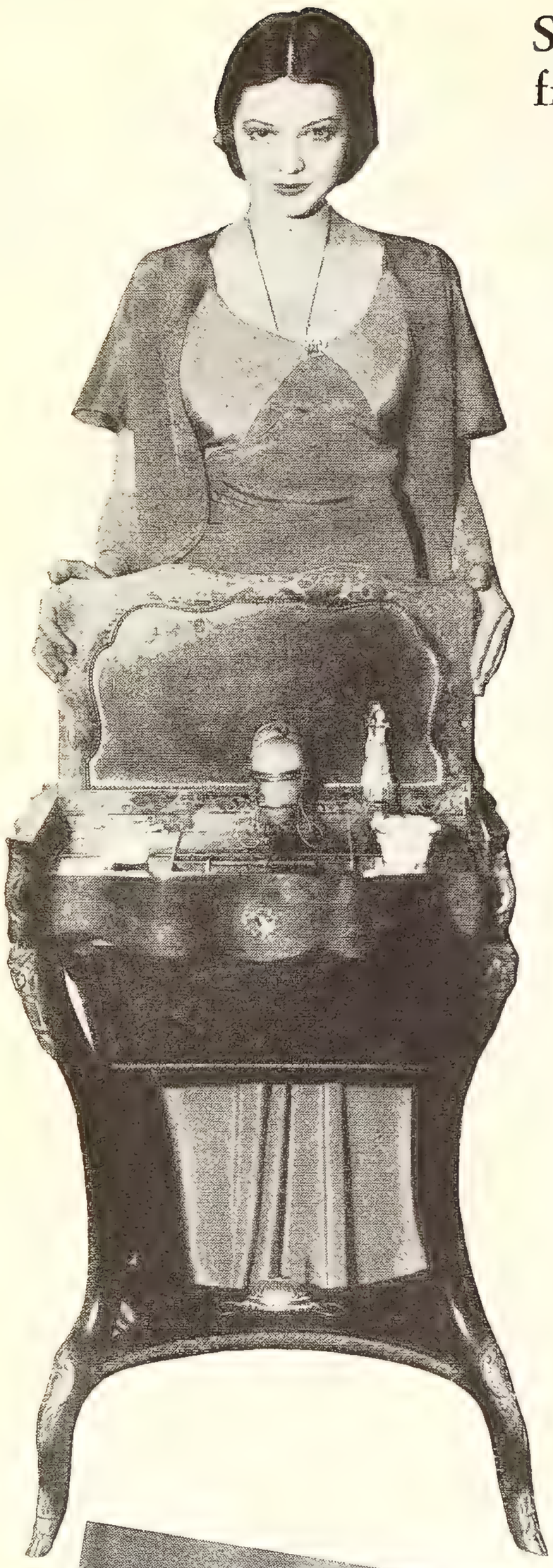
Sylvia lives with her mother, although at the moment her mother happens to be visiting in New York; as Sylvia says: "Father needs her once in a while, don't you think?" And while she entertains lavishly, living on a rather elegant scale, there's no reason in the world why she shouldn't, for Sylvia deserves success and everything that goes with it. She served a severe apprenticeship on the stage, and after being in Hollywood barely a year has blossomed into one of the country's most popular screen actresses.

"But I'm a long way yet from becoming a star!" she'd have you believe. Nevertheless her talent has brought her everything dearest to a young woman's heart: success, wealth, independence, adulation, a Beverly Hills mansion equipped with an outdoor play-room and swimming pool, servants, suitors, and things like that—while but a comparatively few years ago during her obscure childhood she was miserably unhappy. "A perfect rags-to-riches-story!" I reflected as I drove on out to her house. But Sylvia proved a big disappointment.

"You can't write that sort of thing!" she protested. "I never dressed in rags. And never to my knowledge have I missed a meal. No, not even one! My father always made a decent income from his dentistry work, and while we didn't exactly run around in limousines

Sylvia Sidney and her new Beverly Hills home. Twelve rooms—and lots of expensive California scenery.

Sylvia Sidney's "at home" to her SCREENLAND friends for the first time in her characteristic new house. Come on over!



Sylvia's prize possession —Sarah Bernhardt's dressing-table. The authenticity of the piece has beenestablished by an intimate letter, found in a secret drawer, which was written by the Divine Sarah.

Right, below— Sylvia's bedroom is French and very, very feminine. "This is the only room where I gave myself carte blanche with the frills," says Miss Sidney.

we had a comfortable apartment down in Greenwich Village plus the ordinary necessities of life. Furthermore the family were delighted about my going on the stage and helped me all they could. So except for my school days, life's been happy enough. I don't suppose I'll ever be perfectly happy," she added after a thoughtful pause. "Perhaps my moodiness forbids, or maybe it's just because I'm never quite satisfied—but anyway I'm reasonably contented with my existence and probably always shall be."

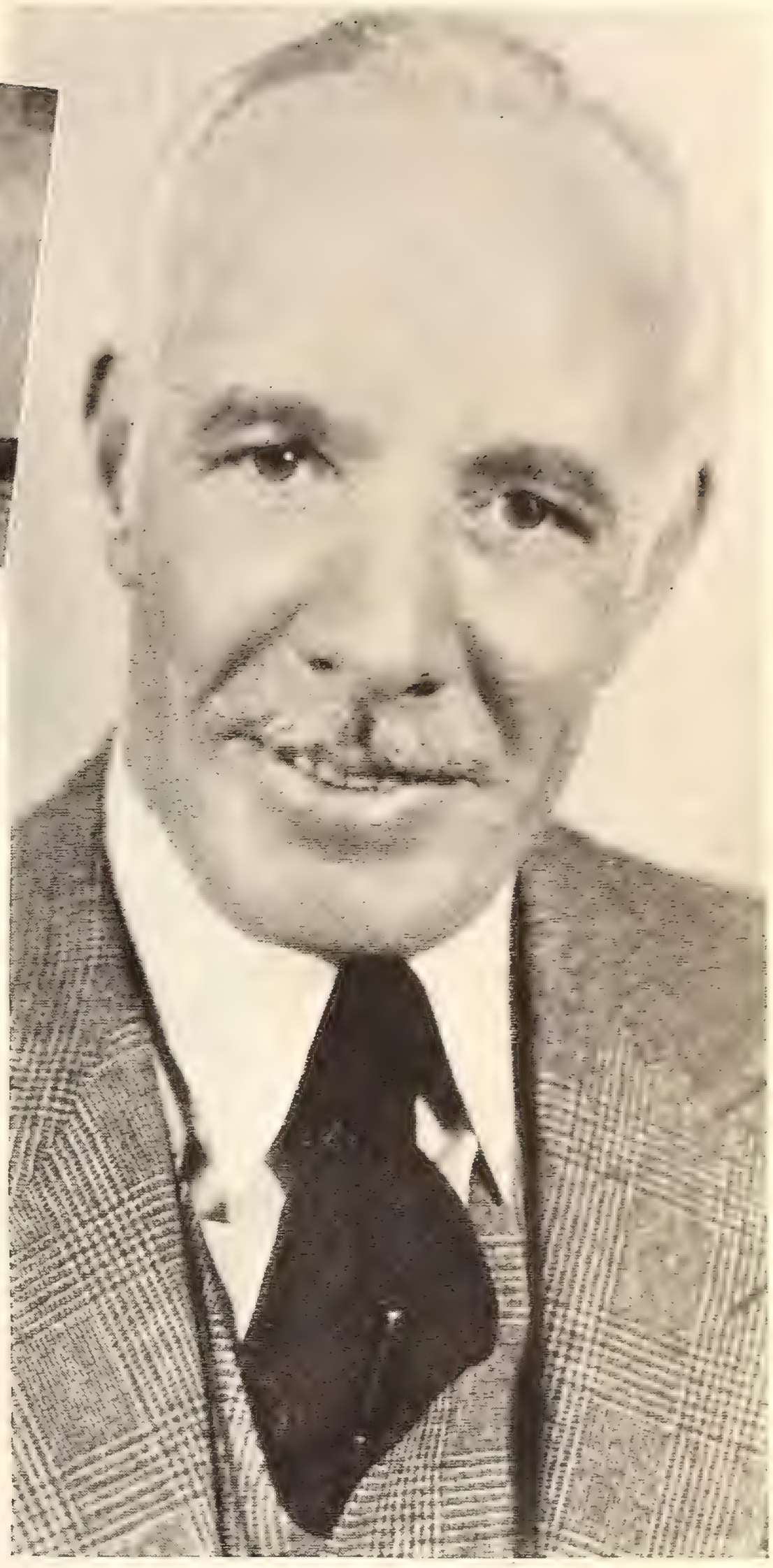
Indeed visible aspects seemed to indicate that she was almost blissfully contented as she rested on a couch in the living-room of this new house of hers; a home which she needs as vitally as she does the emotional outlet of the screen, a home around which her very life revolves; for unless studio pressure is brought to bear she refuses to appear in public. One reason being that she prefers to stay home and "just mooch around" as she puts it; another that she rather abhors being gossiped about, perhaps reflecting cannily that little girls seen about in public places get nothing but questionable squibs in the gossip columns, while those who work hard and stay home at nights are rewarded by long life stories. At any rate Sylvia works hard and stays home, and during her one short year in pictures has received more publicity even than Garbo.

"I've always had a home of some sort," she explained. "I'd be lost without one, without a place of my own in which I can be utterly alone when I feel in the mood. And when these moods are upon me I seldom grow lonely, as I can spend hours just mooching around, or reading, or amusing myself at the typewriter in the study. And some evenings I'll turn on the radio in the living-room, and light the fire, and lie down on the couch and do nothing but dream for hours. I'm terrible," she added. "I seldom get to bed before two in the morning."

Occasionally she enjoys being immersed in the lighthearted laughter of friends; and disliking the mob one finds in cafes, she invariably uses her home for hurling her lavish dinners. "When I go to public places," she pointed out rather reluctantly, (*Continued on page 82*)

Above, the Sidney girl in her living room. See the vase of yellow "mums"—Sylvia's favorite flowers.

When Lewis Stone came on the screen as the District Attorney in "Letty Lynton" the audience at the Capitol Theatre on Broadway, New York, broke into applause. They didn't expect Stone—in a comparatively secondary part—toward the end of the picture. But were they glad to see him! And he carried the film to a triumphant finish



A Sharp Silhouette of Stone, *the* Unstarred Star

By Ralph Wheeler

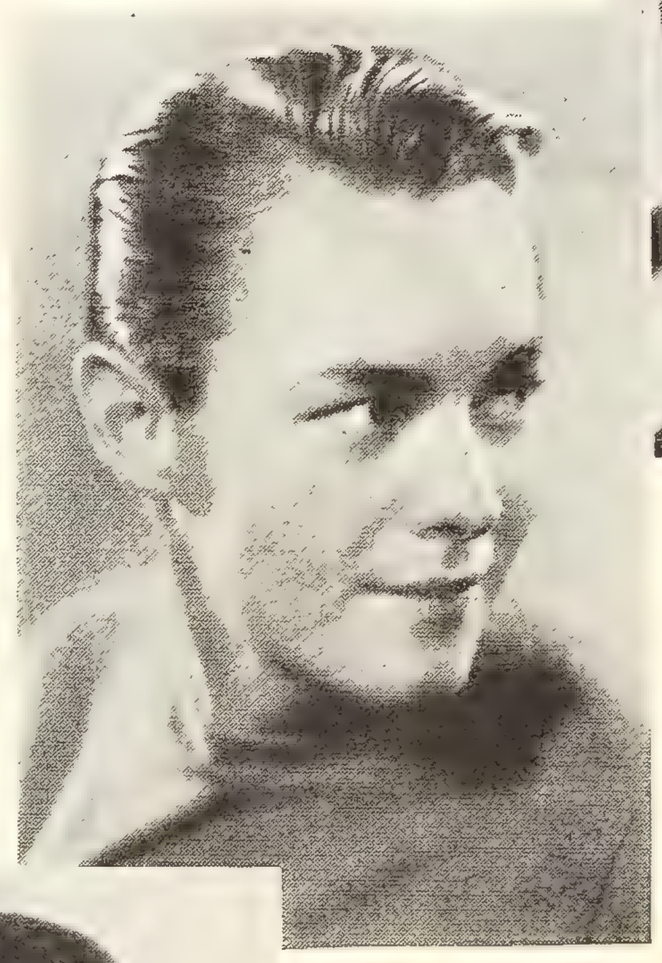
AN UNGENTLEMANLY gentleman. West Point in mufti. A caustic critic. Loves to tinker with broken locks and leaky bath fixtures. Silent as Garbo in strange company. A mellow raconteur among friends. Steely blue eyes, compelling in magnetism. A past master in the art of squelching upstarts, table-hoppers and other social pests. Wing collars and polka-dot ties his sartorial weakness. Hates poseurs.

Born in Worcester, Mass. Soldiered in Spanish-American War. "Majored" in World War. Still holds commission in reserve corps. Crack rifleman and klunks targets daily on his home range. One of Hollywood's few seagoing yachtsmen. Enjoys the solitude of the rolling blue. Shuns regattas and holiday anchorages. Smokes cigarettes, not infrequently rolling his own of brown paper and strong tobacco. Piles hot condiments on meats. Usually tops off a meal with a thick slab of creamy pie. Shudders at the thought of broccoli. Never knows where he leaves his hat and gloves. Has no make-up box.

Driven out of beach home by oil well that gushed in backyard. Poured royalties into valley home and U. S. bonds. Used to hunt rabbits where Roosevelt Hotel now stands on Hollywood boulevard. Camped out where the Chinese Theatre now stands. The old Jim Jeffries bar his favorite haunt in the days of the Belasco Theatre where he was the rage. Drove one of the first four automobiles in Los Angeles. His antics caused first vehicular ordinance to be passed, prohibiting speed over eight miles an hour. Never got a speed ticket since and never had a chauffeur. Imbued with the traditions and zeal of precision of the army. Will put down a newspaper and walk all the way across a room to straighten an askew picture on the wall. Believes in discipline and punctuality. But rebels at domineering tyranny. Always with the under-dog. Won't give or go to Hollywood parties. But is genial host or guest at impromptu gatherings. Has little patience with bridge. Still knows his cues in Kelly pool. Owns and rents some twenty-six houses in and around Holly- (*Continued on page 83*)

Heartaches *of* Million Dollar Stars

Dolores Del Rio is beautiful, talented, and adored by legions. But since coming to Hollywood she has had her full share of sorrows.



Lifted almost overnight from obscurity to dazzling heights of fame, Richard Cromwell soon learned that his troubles had only begun.

THERE are plenty of sob stories in Hollywood of starving Shakespearian actors, of decrepit old actresses, of decent young stenographers and nice high-school boys who have been thrown on the human dump heap.

But there are also sob stories about the stars. For instance:

Ramon Novarro began to save his money ten years ago. He was guilty of only one extravagance, and that was a beautiful house in the fashionable part of Los Angeles, a house with a private theatre in it and all that. Otherwise he lived as wisely, as circumspectly as a New England banker until his savings were perhaps a million dollars. Then, realising that he was not a business man but an actor, he hired a financial expert to take charge of his money and invest it for him. And what happened? Well, according to reports, the investments went over the dam!

And so Novarro, though he is still a star and receives a good salary, lives simply and sensibly in his big house. He has his mental wounds and his nightmare of economic anxiety like the rest of us.

Ramon Novarro has a sumptuous house in Los Angeles and a nice income—but they have brought him little joy and plenty of heartaches.

With all her wealth and her position, would you think that Mary Pickford could know misfortune? Yet she does, and most of it is due to that same wealth and position.

After "The Big Parade" millions of women tried to see in their husbands and admirers (whether dog-catchers or millionaires) something a little like John Gilbert. And this adoration for Gilbert lasted many years, until the talkies came.

Then they put him in the talkies and he made many of them, looking as handsome as ever, smiling as dazzlingly, in hussars' uniforms and African pith helmets and in tweed plus-fours. But something has been wrong, and his following has steadily fallen off. Now he still has a salary of ten thousand dollars a week from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. But that will end soon, and perhaps he will be out.

John Gilbert offered to play opposite Greta Garbo in "Grand Hotel" for nothing, in a desperate effort to recover his popularity. But he was refused. John Barrymore took his place.

They have explained it by saying that Gilbert's voice is unsuitable, that it is high-pitched and cannot even be improved mechanically. But that cannot be the entire explanation. Perhaps it is that with talking pictures, everything goes much more slowly so that audiences can study a man's face and acting with deliberation; and the nervous, thin, rapid Gilbert, so charming when photographs kaleidoscoped by quickly, is not so absorbing to the eyes as Gable, for example, with his slow dimples and heavy shoulders. Or perhaps it is that flashing, lively men have gone temporarily out of style and that slow, handsome brutes have come in. Anyway, Gilbert is having his share of humiliation. Most men escape these pangs of withdrawn adoration. Only fading female beauties know how bad they are.

You've heard about the sorrows of the Hollywood unknowns. But how about the rich and famous? Here are some of their sob stories

By

Brenda Ueland

and

Ned Williams

Charlie Chaplin. Perhaps the wealthiest of all picture people, his name a household word throughout the world, but—nobody knows the trouble he's seen!

Conway Tearle was the Gable of his day, but you don't hear so much about him now. And that's the cruelest blow of all!

Then there is Greta Garbo, who gets from the world an adoring attention that has perhaps never been equaled. What has it done? It has turned her into a recluse who, for four or five weeks at a time, will not see even her closest friends; who scuttles like a hunted thing when people in the streets wheel to look at her; who lives in a lonely house with a few servants. How does time pass? Whom does she talk to? She must be loneliness on fire.

Dolores Del Rio is a beautiful, gazelle-eyed girl who is sad inside and so seemingly doomed to permanent sadness. Four or five years ago, Carewe discovered her in Mexico and made a star of her. When Carewe and his wife were divorced, Dolores was blamed.

Well, why blame Dolores? It is a strange thing that everybody became indignant at Dolores, when actually there was not the slightest evidence. Afterward she and Carewe had a mean legal wrangle, which does not look as though they were in love or ever had been. Nevertheless, all the gossips trained their howitzers on Dolores.

Then she had another bitter experience. She was divorced from her young husband, Jaime Del Rio, a well-bred Mexican. Afterward they were still friends, and seemed to be more dependent upon each other than ever, like two orphaned children in a hostile country. Then Jaime Del Rio went to Europe, fell sick in Germany of pneumonia. We remember so well Dolores' frantic telephonings, her remorse, her loneliness. Jaime Del Rio died there.

Then Dolores started working again. Soon she became sick herself, and was ill for so long that production was stopped and her contract cancelled.

A year and a half ago Dolores Del Rio was one of the biggest stars in the business. She appears to be coming back now, what with "Bird of Paradise," and she is still a star. But she is a sad, emotional,

(*Continued on page 86*)

Sally O'Neil made a promising start—but trouble began, and pretty Sally was up against it.

Remember when John Gilbert's name was a synonym for masculine charm? He's still handsomely paid, but it gives him small comfort now.

Garbo

What the author of "Grand Hotel" thinks of the world's most-discussed actress. Here are Miss Baum's impressions of Garbo, given for SCREENLAND readers

By

Mortimer Franklin

The drama that is Garbo! Her far-famed aloofness, her soul-hermitage —does she mean it, or is she as great an actress off the screen as on? Read Vicki Baum's fresh viewpoint on an old and absorbing question.

GARBO'S far-famed aloofness, Garbo's storied *insouciance,* Garbo's celebrated hermitage of the soul!

Are they genuine, springing from a unique and hyper-sensitive personality that cannot withstand the clamor of the mob but seeks always to withdraw into its shell?

Or is all this languor, all this secrecy, all this shunning of the limelight, merely, in the parlance of the day, an "act" designed to make the world gape in astonishment? An old, old question, battleground of many pros and ever so many cons; but now re-illuminated by a fresh point of view on the part of an analyst whose grasp of human character is surpassed by few.

"Garbo really means it," is Vicki Baum's verdict. And, as the creator of dozens of intensely human characters, author of one of the greatest stage and screen hits of recent years in which the glamorous Scandinavian was starred, and observer of Garbo at Hollywood, she is in an unparalleled position to judge.

"Yes, Garbo means it—that is my impression, even though I did not meet this famous actress personally during my first sojourn in Hollywood." Miss Baum, in fact, belongs to that select company of persons from whom Garbo has run away in full flight. "But I know what a great artist she is; I have watched her work; I have seen her deeply satisfying portrayal of a character that I created. And anyone with such depth of soul and such emotional genuineness could not be so completely lacking in sincerity.

"After all, how can one blame her? When you have seen Hollywood, lived in it and been a part of it, such an attitude is not hard to understand. The blinding spotlight that is continually turned upon the famous people there, day in and day out, early and late, is enough to make even the least sensitive person rebel.

"Garbo is not the only player of renown who has shrunk from the uproar that surrounds all movie stars. Look at Miss Dietrich. I knew Marlene well when she was starring in German films. I remember with what zest she used to take part in the gay social life of Berlin. But when I met her again in Hollywood I found her comparatively subdued, in spite of the reputation for getting around that she still seems to have. When I spoke to her about it she replied, 'It is altogether different here, Vicki. When your every little word and gesture is flashed around the world you don't feel much like appearing in public when you don't have to. I'm sick of it!'"

A similar frame of mind was revealed to Miss Baum by Ann Harding. "I asked her why she had chosen a secluded house high up on a hill in which to live. 'It isn't high enough,' was Miss Harding's reply. 'Not that there is anything wrong with the people in Hollywood,

"Really Means It!"

Says Vicki Baum

Dark-eyed, blonde and smiling, Vicki Baum upsets tradition by being a most personable young woman as well as a gifted writer. She's going to do more stories for the films—and since seeing her "Grand Hotel," you know what good news that is!

but one does crave a little privacy, and the only way to have it here is to get away entirely by yourself.'"

"My admiration for her is complete," said Miss Baum, her darkly glowing eyes flashing with pleasure at the memory of Garbo's portrayal of her *Grusinskaya* in "Grand Hotel." "She is every inch an artist, pure and unspoiled. To watch her face, tragic and vivacious by turns, and her graceful flowing movements, was for me a great experience.

"I feel as though I ought to be deeply thankful for having experienced the same piece of good fortune twice. When I sat in the theatre and saw my work first unfold on the New York stage, done as I had dreamed it, I said to myself, 'Here is the supreme thrill of happiness at last.' Then, when I witnessed the film opening, with Garbo playing the rôle of the great dancer after my own heart, I felt that thrill for a second time.

"No, I did not meet Miss Garbo. One day, before 'Grand Hotel' had gone into production, as I was walking on the Metro lot I saw a figure in the distance which I recognized to be hers, evidently bound for the 'Mata Hari' set. As soon as she realized that I was coming toward her she scurried around the corner of one of the lot streets, and was gone.

"On another occasion, while 'Grand Hotel' was being filmed, I wandered onto the set, happily innocent of the rule that is rigidly observed when Garbo pictures are being filmed. Soon I was gently taken aside by someone who whispered in my ear that 'Miss Garbo does not permit any visitors on the set.' So I withdrew. I found out later, however, that Miss Garbo did not realize that I was the author of the story."

"Grand Hotel," one learns with pleasure, is only the first of a number of screen stories from Miss Baum's typewriter which presently will be revealed to American audiences. For she likes America quite as well as America likes her, and she intends to adopt American citizenship, make her permanent residence here, and answer the importunities of the Hollywood script departments as well as she is able. When interviewed in New York shortly after the opening of her first and star-spangled photoplay, she already had two new screen stories on the fire, one for Paramount and one for M-G-M. By July 1 she will have departed for the Coast, there to fill a contract.

About Miss Baum's appearance one thing seems delightfully wrong. That is to say, she is altogether too attractive to fulfill the traditional standards for writing ladies of imagination and creative ability. Contemplating the straight nose, purposeful chin and direct gaze, the head of bobbed blonde hair forming a striking contrast to the very dark, eloquent eyes, one sets her down as handsome, with a mental note of gratitude at her escape from mere prettiness. For the comparatively brief time she has spent in this country her command of English is truly remarkable. Very rarely does she hesitate for the exact word; but (*Continued on page 83*)

One of the most important of recent Hollywood "huddles." Vicki Baum looks over the script for the film version of "Grand Hotel," while director Edmund Goulding keeps the original version handy for reference. Miss Baum expressed herself as highly pleased with the resulting photoplay.

The Hollywood Charm School

Class in charm, attention! Look at and listen to your screen teachers—they know all the answers. Why shouldn't they? They're the outstandingly lovely girls in the world today

It takes Elizabeth Allan's lissome figure to face the camera in trimly tailored lingerie. Keep slim!

Garbo's eyelashes are probably the longest in the world but even Garbo does not disdain helping nature along by adding a few silky artificial lashes for close-ups.

The English pith helmet and the Chinese coolie hat are worn by Maureen O'Sullivan and Una Merkel—well, Hollywood girls dare try anything!

If you're the least bit the sweet-quaint type, try wearing a sunbonnet. Joan Marsh's is of pink and white checks.

You'll be "different" on the beach in a bib-topped pajama suit and one of these huge sun hats, says Leila Hyams.

Presented by

SCREENLAND

Wear your initials as accessory decorations. See Madge Evans' on her sports hat and bag.

The Hollywood girls are wearing "star" novelty jewelry. Maureen O'Sullivan's are red, white and blue.

Not just another evening wrap—Gloria Stuart's white kid jacquette carries out the quaint charm of her white Irish crochet gown.

It may make the censor-minded call for their smoked glasses but never mind, says June Clyde—at the end of the day relax in coolth and comfort.

Follow the filmy way to loveliness! The movie girls know better than any others the short cuts to charm. Trail along!

Mary Carlisle shows how three gay bandana hankies can be used to fashion a beach suit, one forming the backless bodice, two for the shorts, and a fourth for a pert top-piece.

Jeanette MacDonald stresses keen attention to detail. Note Jeanette's very smart hat matching her silk sweater suit, and her trim gloves, just the right length. Jeanette is just one of the many Hollywood stars who have earned for the film colony its world-wide reputation for chic and charm.

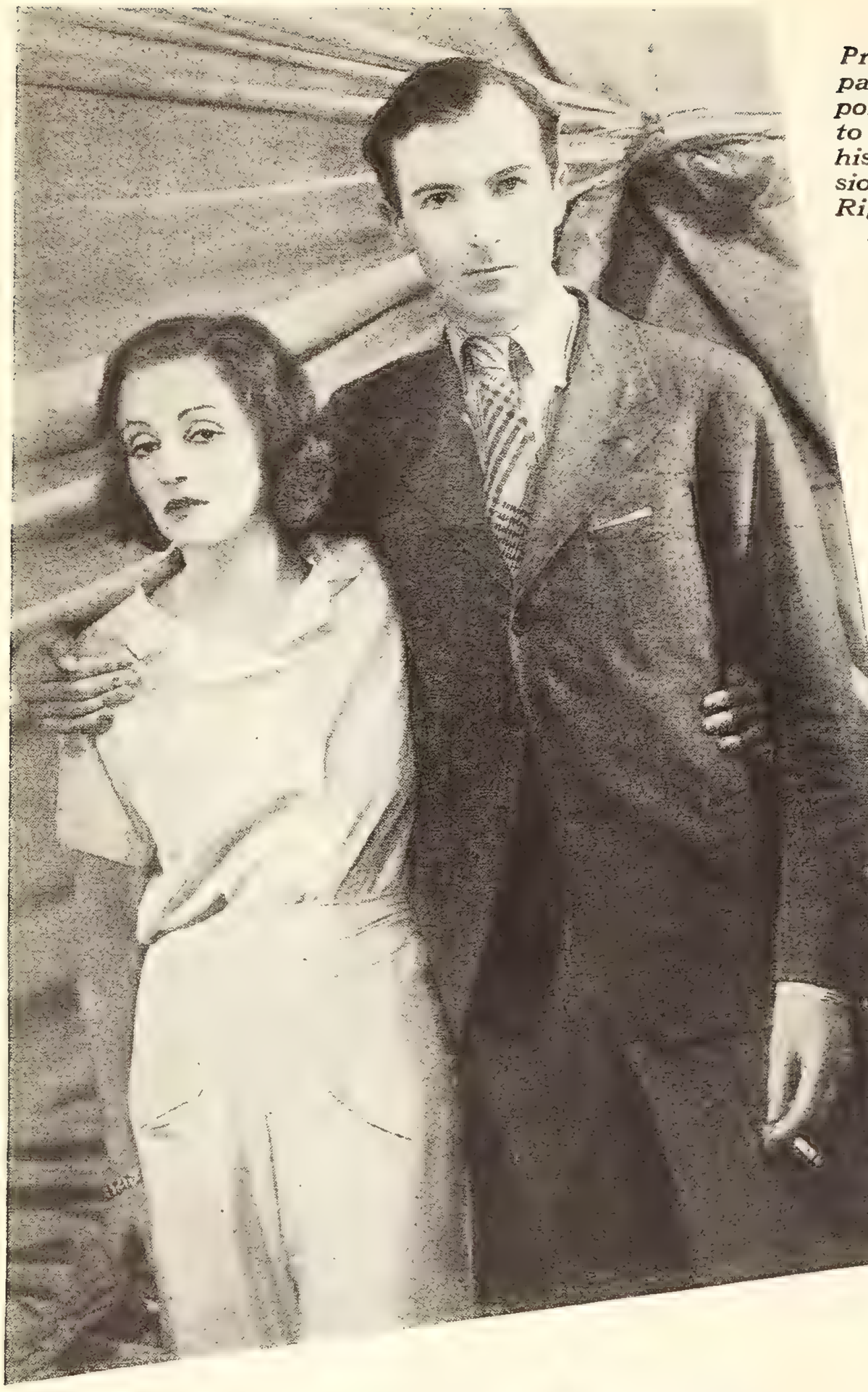
Coiffures for profiles! Do you give enough thought to the side view of your hair-do? Study your profile, don't just concentrate on the full-face view you meet in your mirror. Notice how Tala Birell, above, has very cleverly softened the classic contour of her head by coaxing little ringlets around the ear. Joan Bennett has a babyish profile, therefore she prefers a more sedate coiffure than most girls of her age.

If you have a round face don't feel that life has branded you just a "nice, jolly girl." Consider Joan Blondell. Joan's face is round, all right, but she has learned all the tricks of pleasing the camera so that she can be taken with the proper degree of seriousness any time she feels like it. Like Joan, if your face is cherubic, you can learn to pose so that you need never have that Kewpie look! See how cleverly Joan uses that bit of fluffy collar!

You like Elissa Landi, don't you? You like her for her beauty, her intelligence, and her fine acting. But most of all you admire her flawless grooming. Elissa looks always as if she has just been tubbed, finger-waved, manicured!

How many of you girls could wear this trim sailor suit with the nonchalance of Madge Evans?

Beauty in the bath! This particular beauty is Benita Hume, the English actress who appears with Leslie Howard in "Reserved For Ladies." Why not select the same scent in your bath salts, sachet, soap, and dusting powder that you prefer in your perfume? The smartest Hollywood girls believe in choosing one scent and sticking to it. Pick the perfume that best expresses your own personality. (And if you're smart you'll change your personality often, just as Garbo does in every new picture!)



Presenting, across the page, the latest Beaton portrait series, exclusive to SCREENLAND. *Read his sensational impressions of Hollywood stars. Right, the artist at work. Left, with Tallulah.*

Beaton Shoots the 1932 Stars!

Look long at these portraits! Because Cecil Beaton's next appearance may be before the camera instead of behind it

Beaton's Impressions

Garbo	**Incomparable**
Tallulah	**Glamorous**
Dietrich	**Child-like**
Crawford	**Poised**
Sylvia Sidney	**Saucy**
Gwili André	**Flower-like**

By Evelyn Ballarine

FOR three years you've been admiring Cecil Beaton's beautiful, artistic and imaginative photographs of the Hollywood stars in SCREENLAND and *Vanity Fair*. (SCREENLAND, by the way, is the only movie magazine in which they have ever appeared.) We liked them, you liked them, and the stars liked them, but Cecil insists that this is positively his last photographic splurge. Look long at these portraits! There are seven interesting Beaton camera studies, beginning on the opposite page. For, although we want more, you want more, and the stars want more, according to Cecil his next appearance in Hollywood will be in a directorial or acting capacity. He prefers directing.

You know, of course, that he takes these gorgeous photographs with an ordinary small snap-shot camera. You know also that he rates high in English and American Society — yes, large "S" please, printer! — and possesses a background as interesting as his photographic studies. He's about twenty-nine years old, handsome, and what a sense of humor!

Hollywood fascinates yet bores Cecil Beaton. However, he would like to live there for at least six months out of the year, and spend the remaining six months at "Ashcombe," his country home in England—and he'll probably do just that!

"Hollywood is a grand place to rest and be peaceful," says Mr. Beaton. "There's nothing else to do—no night clubs or legitimate theatres to speak of, and most of the parties are a great big bore. In (*Continued on page 93*)

Marlene Dietrich

Lew Burton

Cecil Beaton

Sylvia Sidney

Johnny Weissmuller

Cecil Burton

Lew Burton

Jackie Cooper

Arroz Del Rio

Cecil Beaton

Ethel Waters

Tallulah Bankhead

Cecil Beaton

George Burns

Lippman

Barbara Stanwyck

Schaeffer

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Tom Mix and Tony in "The Rider of Death Valley." (Universal.)

The Newest Hollywood Thrill!

Here he is! You've been asking for him! Ever since you saw "Tarzan" you have clamored for more—and more—about Johnny Weissmuller. He tells his life story exclusively to SCREENLAND readers. It begins here. You'll like it.

By
Ida Zeitlin

Johnny Weissmuller—a new camera portrait, exclusive to SCREENLAND, *by Johnny's friend, Hal Phyfe.*

"GAWD, whadda physique!"

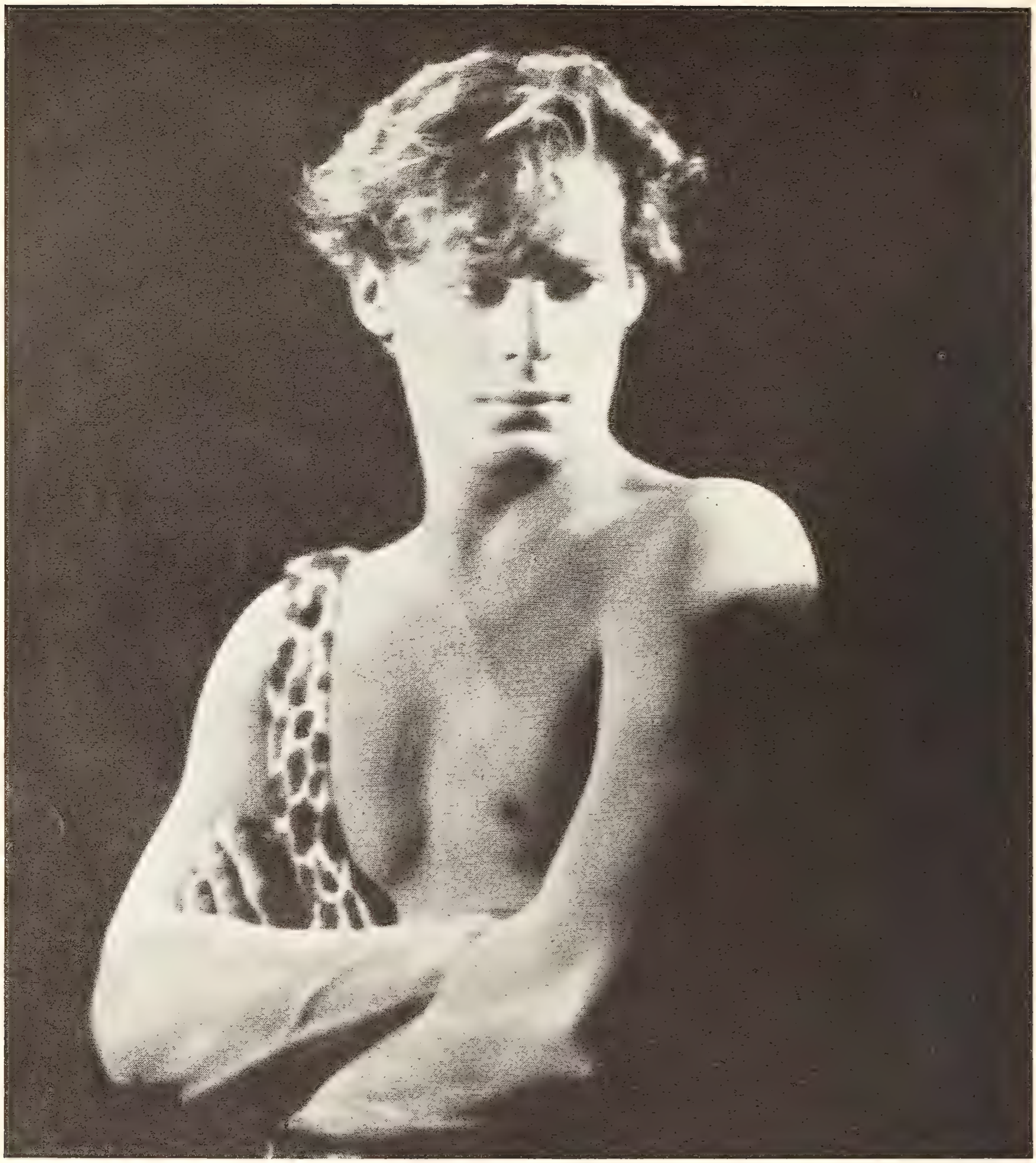
Eyes glowing, cheeks scarlet, lips parted, and aged about 17—she sat on the edge of her seat in the movie theatre, unconscious of the people about her, unconscious that she had spoken, unconscious of everything but the magnificent young god on the screen before her, striding through the jungle on legs like two slender columns. Torn from her by sheer intensity of feeling, by what she instinctively recognized as a perfect work of God, her ecstatic tribute was breathed forth upon the listening air—not to mention several pairs of appreciative ears:

"Gawd, whadda physique!"

But why single her out? Aren't they all?—saying it, singing it, shouting it?—from the exultant potentates of M.G.M. to the last little stenographer who imagines she's just getting a kick out of a new movie star, and doesn't realize that she's the eternal feminine kneeling in worship at the feet of the eternal male. All but the kids. They're crazy about the picture—and why shouldn't they be? It was made for them. But *Tarzan?* They take their *Tarzan* for granted. He's big and broad and strong? Of course he is. He can leap from trees, and fight with lions and gorillas and outswim a crocodile? Well, what are you getting excited about? If he couldn't do that, he wouldn't be *Tarzan.* That's what the kids might say, if you could get them to say anything.

But not their mothers and sisters. Oh, no! Having outgrown their childhood simplicity, *Tarzan* is no longer *Tarzan* to them, but a man with a flawless body, six feet three inches of brawn and muscle moving with ease and power and grace before their delighted eyes, broad-shouldered, slender-hipped, an ideal of masculine strength and beauty—a new hero, literally fallen from the skies, with "Gawd, whadda physique!"

More "Tarzan" thrills! Johnny will make three new jungle films soon. He brought a fresh brand of excitement to the screen as "Tarzan the Ape Man," thrilling fans and sophisticates alike. He's a virile, refreshing personality, and his life story, which begins here, is more fascinating than fiction. Hollywood calls him "the big new thrill"—and so do you!



"Tarzan"—man of the jungle, brave, strong, unfettered, free. Created by Edgar Rice Burroughs, he has been the hero of many novels. And now the 1932 movie audiences welcome him as something new, spontaneous, natural. Here is Johnny Weissmuller as *Tarzan*, in an exclusive impression by the well-known camera artist, Hal Phyfe.

Well, will you believe me, you who have seen him and watched that superb body of his in play, if I tell you that he was once a child whose "physique" caused his mother days and nights of black anxiety, a nice little boy who had a habit of keeling over and fainting for no good reason that anyone could discover?

"Not that I ever was really sick," Johnny assures you earnestly, hastily looking about for some wood to knock (and not going on with his story, let me inform you, until he's found it). "Just grew too fast, I guess. Tired easily. I was always over a head taller than my kid brother and only a year older."

Johnny doesn't waste words. He seems shy and boyish—younger than his years—and my guess is that he'd about as soon face the gorilla in his picture as an interviewer.

Many movie stars say they hate interviews. Some of them probably do. With others it's part of a lofty pose. Johnny is capable neither of loftiness nor of posing. He doesn't say he hates interviews. Why say the obvious? But you get the impression that his "Strange Interlude" self is muttering somewhere inside of him: "I've got to go through with this stuff because the Publicity Department says so. O.K. Let's make a clean job of it, for I hate a sloppy one. But for Pete's sake, let's do it fast and get it over with!"

So he turns his eyes upon you—grave as the eyes of a child—and like a well-mannered boy tells you nicely and politely what you want to know, however fervently he may be wishing you elsewhere. What's more, he has a terse and graphic way of describing events that have interested him, so that he all but writes your story for you.

He surprised his mother and father by being born in Pennsylvania en route from Austria to Chicago, where they were going to join his grand-parents. In Chicago, the family—consisting of his parents, grand-parents, an uncle, himself and, a year later, his brother—occupied a

Six feet three inches of brawn and muscle moving with ease and power and grace—an ideal of masculine strength and beauty—that's Weissmuller. But read how he made himself over from a frail boy into the world's champion swimmer and "Tarzan" of the movies!

comfortable two-story dwelling and owned a horse and buggy, and one of the first things Johnny remembers is being bawled out for playing with the horse.

"Should've bawled out the horse," Johnny explains with an engaging grin. "*I* couldn't've hurt him."

His father went into the brewery business and before long was owner of a flourishing saloon.

"Mom never wanted us kids to go to the saloon—but we'd sneak out, and Pop was always glad to see us. My uncle was the mean one, though. 'I'll fix this kid!' he says to himself one day, and he gets hold of me and fills me full of beer. I don't know how much he poured into me. I was seven years old, so maybe it only felt like a lot. But, boy! was I drunk! I remember sliding downstairs on my ear, yelling: 'Ra-ay! *Hoo*-ray! R-a-a-y!' Then he carries me home and dumps me in my mother's lap.

" 'Here's your darling son,' he says, 'he'll never go near the saloon again!'

"Well, maybe it sounds like eyewash, but I tell you I never touched beer from that day. I had a dread of it. And my uncle gave it to me. You know," he went on, the glint of amusement vanishing from his eyes, "he's the kind of guy who'd shove you into the lake to teach you to swim. It's all wrong. It's the worst thing that could happen to you. Twenty percent'd never go near water again. The fear's in 'em." He frowned. "Something ought to be done to fellows like that."

It was apparent that Johnny could tolerate the sin of getting a 7-year-old drunk more easily than a sin against his beloved sport. After all, what does it matter so much whether, in after years, one drinks beer or gets along without it? But to Johnny Weissmuller —with whom swimming has been less a career than a deep and abiding passion—to make a boy dread the water is to deprive him of a priceless birthright.

Yet there was a time—strange as it seems to him now—when water to Johnny was just something to drink and, when obliged, to wash in. He was Hans in those days and his brother was Pete, by one of those inexplicable whims that govern nicknames, for he had been christened Peter John and his brother John Peter. He was a long, skinny, angular little boy, growing up contentedly in the orderly Austrian household into which he had been born, stowing away the Viennese goodies with which his worried mother plied him, but remaining unchangeably long, skinny and angular. His bones were covered by skin and muscle, but the flesh refused to grow on them. Those were his fighting days, and those were also what he calls his "praying" days.

"We used to go to a kind of private school," he told me, "where they'd pay as much attention to the way you behaved as to what you'd learn. And was I a saint! I was always thinking about pleasing God. I wouldn't do this and I wouldn't do that with the other kids, because I was always asking myself, would God like it, and most of the time I thought He wouldn't!

"I was forever praying. Anybody used to swear at me, I'd go to church and pray for him. I'd go to church every morning before school and pray and do my stuff. Then my head'd start going round and I knew I was going to faint. I never could figure it out, but I knew when I got that funny feeling in my head I was going to faint and nothing'd stop me. I'd hold my hand up, and at first they wouldn't bother with me. 'Put your hand down, Johnny,' they'd say. So I'd put it down and flop over. Pretty soon they knew what was going to happen, so when they saw my hand, they'd tell me to sit down. I used to think God might get sore at me," Johnny grinned, "for fainting in church. But there wasn't a thing I could do about it.

"We had to quit that school on account of a fight. I'd never fight. They told us we mustn't fight—God hated it—so I didn't fight. But one morning during the recess, some big kid got into an argument with my brother and hit him. I don't know what got into me, but I just went over and smacked him one. I forgot all about pleasing God. I was going to kill this guy. He hit my brother. If he hit me, I'd be satisfied to run away. But he hit my brother.

"So I smacked him one and I saw his nose was bleeding, and I was tickled to death. He was a big, heavy fellow, but I was thin and fast. I'd hit him and back away, hit him and back away. One good wallop would've finished me, but he couldn't reach me. I'd smack him and back away, till finally he had me backed down a whole block. Then someone stopped us. That was all right. He had a bloody nose, and my hand was all bruised and covered with blood, but we shook on it.

"Then we got back into the classroom, and when the teacher spotted my hand, he wanted to know what I was doing.

" 'Bumped my hand,' I told him.

" 'You're lying, Johnny,' he says.

"Well, then, I thought that was enough sinning for one day, and I'd better tell the truth.

" 'Sorry,' I said, 'had a fight.'

"Then he got an eyeful of the other fellow's bloody nose.

" 'Oh, *(Continued on page 88)*

Before he ever began to dream of being the world's champion swimmer—Johnny, left, and his brother Peter, back home in Chicago.

Reviews of the

By Delight Evans

Melvyn Douglas is Garbo's leading man in "As You Desire Me"—her farewell film?

As You Desire Me

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Garbo's farewell film? Maybe; maybe not. But don't miss it, for any reason, for it is a distinct departure for Greta. And I don't mean only the platinum blonde wig. Some, by the way, will call it silver. I don't see the difference, myself. And I don't like it. But fortunately Garbo does not wear this coiffure throughout the picture. She has never been so charming as she is in the last scenes of this new film. She is so young and so very lovely. It's really a dual rôle—*Zara*, the heroine, is first revealed to us as a tragic, weary woman, and finally, a girl again, in love. And Garbo plays her always with great artistry. The supporting cast is pure platinum. Eric von Stroheim slashes his way through a brutal rôle. You'll enjoy seeing Owen Moore again. Melvyn Douglas is a most convincing lover. But it's Garbo, the Girl, who will fascinate you.

John Barrymore with Jill Esmond and Helen Twelvetrees in "State's Attorney."

State's Attorney

Radio Pictures

Dear Mr. Barrymore: I want to tell you how much I like your new picture. I—Oh, sorry! That's my fan letter. *This* is my review. As a matter of fact, there is very little difference, because I am a John Barrymore fan since "Grand Hotel," so that any "criticism" of "State's Attorney" will read pretty much like a rave for its star. If you, too, have gone Barrymore, don't miss this film. It's all J.B.—quizzical smile, whimsical eyebrows, marvelously modulated voice, and Charm—lavished upon a rather routine melodrama about one of those very brilliant, very unmoral movie lawyers. I'm told by experts that the legal procedure in this picture is dizzily peculiar to Hollywood. But once you admit that, you can sit back and savor the suavities of this great Hamlet-gone-Hollywood. Yes, I'd say see it. Helen Twelvetrees is excellent, and Bill (Stage) Boyd and Jill Esmond ring true.

"Young America" is an entertaining family picture, with young Tommy Conlon scoring.

Young America

Fox

I'd ballyhoo this one as a picture for children to see if I thought this wouldn't keep them away. What I mean is, it's a picture fit for the family to attend in a body, and it's good entertainment, too. A wholesome story about real boys who are always misunderstood by their elders, it is concerned chiefly with the problems of an orphan, called "the worst boy in town," who is hauled into juvenile court for "borrowing" an automobile. He explains that the car was parked by a fire hydrant and he didn't want the owner to get a ticket, so he moved it six blocks away! Tommy Conlon makes this boy a believable youngster—neither a Hollywood hoodlum nor a too-pat trouper, but interestingly real. Ralph Bellamy is another actual person as the kindly judge. Spencer Tracy and Doris Kenyon are good, too. And you'll like Raymond Borzage, a new youngster. He can thank his uncle, Director Borzage—and that's a good idea. Thanks, Frank, for a refreshing show.

Six Best Pictures of the Month:

YOUNG AMERICA	LETTY LYNTON
STATE'S ATTORNEY	WINNER TAKE ALL
AS YOU DESIRE ME	RESERVED FOR LADIES

Best Pictures

SCREENLAND'S Critic Gives Original Slants on This Month's Outstanding Screenplays

Leslie Howard stars in "Reserved for Ladies," with charming Elizabeth Allan.

Reserved for Ladies

Paramount

See this and you'll admit that sheer charm is slowly winning its way on the screen. Here's a deft and delightful English comedy—oh, it's light as thistle-down, and it has practically no plot to speak of, but every minute of it is good fun. It's the sort of thing they said the films could never do—the stage was the spot for polite humor. But, thanks to the smart dialogue and the charm of Leslie Howard and his admirable cast, "Reserved for Ladies" is appealing entertainment for everybody. At the Paramount in New York, where I saw it, Howard won his audience completely, and a more assorted audience would be hard to find. It's the romance of a nice head-waiter and a rich, sweet little snob, with complications by a beautiful Countess and a democratic king. Here's proof that England can make pictures for American audiences—particularly if Leslie Howard is in them.

"Letty Lynton" is a personal triumph for Joan Crawford. Nils Asther is good.

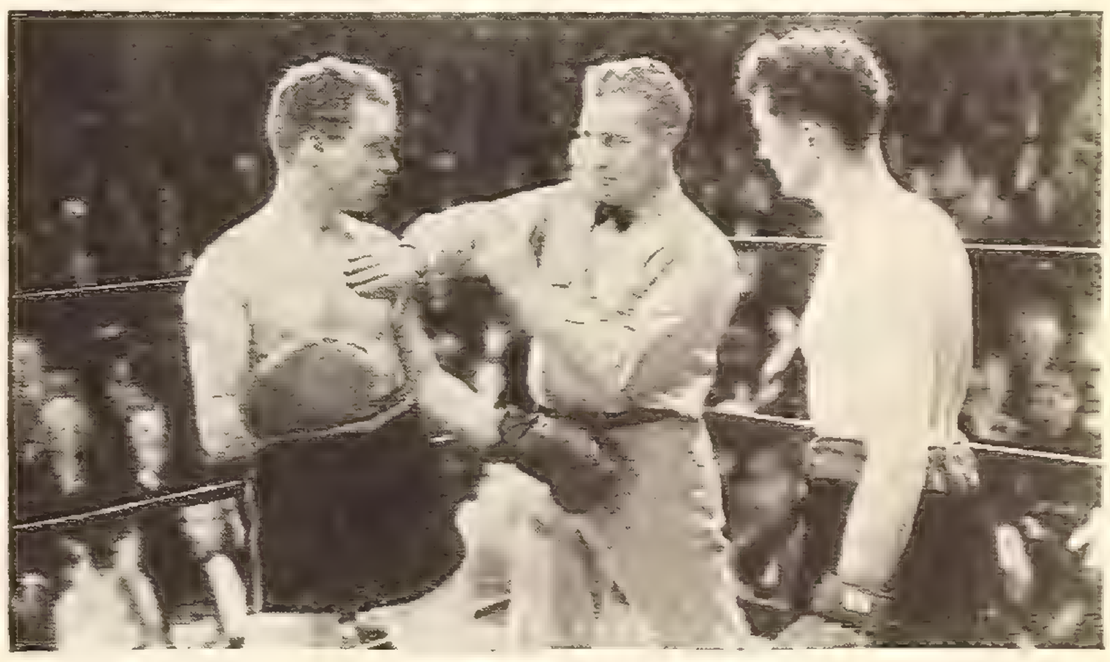
Letty Lynton

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

An unqualified triumph for Joan Crawford! This girl has been a star for a long time, and she has given some fine performances. But never before has she shaken you up and worried your emotions and swept you off your critical feet as she does here. Gone are most of those annoying mannerisms and superficialities. She forgets to pose—and *acts*. And I have no hesitancy in predicting that Joan Crawford will by this time next year be the First Girl of the Films. (Sorry, Greta, but I thought you were going home.) "Letty Lynton" is high-class hokum, so exquisitely directed and beautifully acted that it achieves superlative entertainment value. *Letty* loves and suffers and sins and atones, with the aid of brisk dialogue and handsome backgrounds and smart clothes. Nils Asther is devilish and dashing as *Letty*'s bold, bad weakness. Robert Montgomery is at his ingratiating best as the boy who reforms her. Lewis Stone, Louise Closser Hale, and May Robson are perfect in their parts.

Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:

Ramon Novarro in "Huddle"
Nils Asther in "Letty Lynton"
Garbo in "As You Desire Me"
Joan Crawford in "Letty Lynton"
James Cagney in "Winner Take All"
Tommy Conlon in "Young America"
John Barrymore in "State's Attorney"
Leslie Howard in "Reserved for Ladies"
Elizabeth Allan in "Reserved for Ladies"
Wynne Gibson in "Strange Case of Clara Deane"



James Cagney is excellent as the prize fighter in "Winner Take All."

Winner Take All

Warner

Character study by Cagney! I'm not promising you'll "like" it. A stupid, punch-drunk pugilist with a bashed-in nose and cauliflower ears is not an endearing personality. But how Cagney plays him! If you want acting, here it is. You know your James so well as an electrical wisecracker that this rôle will come as a shock—until you realize you are meeting a brand new character, just a dumb fighter. First you see this down-and-outer on his way West to regain his health and keep out of trouble. And then comes Love—almost. He challenges a local champ to get money for the Girl; then he returns to ring triumphs in New York, where one of those screen society gals takes him up. That last fight where he is watching the clock so that he can catch up with Miss Park Avenue before she sails for Europe, is the battle of the movie century. Marion Nixon and Virginia Bruce assist.

Looking down on Ruth and her leading man, George Brent. Wait until you see this scene in the new Chatterton picture. Yum-yum!

IF YOU believe in signs you will find it exceedingly difficult to interview Ruth Chatterton during the time she is working on a picture. It isn't easy even to see her, although some several million fans are agreed that she is easy enough to look at, any time and any place.

Punctuating that vast and quiet space inside a Warner sound stage upon which Miss Chatterton and company are known to be working, are permanent painted signs which face every entrance and which read:

"Absolutely NO visitors allowed on this set. Only those actually working on this production permitted on this stage."

So, if you can read, interviewing Miss Chatterton during working hours is obviously impossible. Perhaps the next best thing—perhaps even a better thing—would be to interview one of the few who are allowed on that set, someone who works with the aloof Miss Chatterton every day during all the weeks of production.

One thinks first of the director, William Dieterle. He is a friendly, sensitive, smiling chap, as big as a door and as busy as any two men you ever saw. Much too busy, it becomes evident, to give time or thought to an interview about Ruth Chatterton, even if he would consent to it.

The other players, the actors and actresses who work with the lady in question, offer possibilities. There is George Brent, who has won the coveted rôle of leading man to Miss Chatterton in her two most recent pictures. There is Lois Wilson, Paul Cavanaugh, Barbara

Here's the real low-down on Ruth Chatterton! What do those initials mean? Read the story!

As told to John Carlisle by George, the "juicer"

microphone boom and the "gaffer," the last named being the "straw boss" of the electricians assigned to the set, are all absorbed in their various and equally important duties. The "gaffer" is particularly busy. He is standing in the middle of the set, giving orders to unseen individuals who are, you learn later, running around on the cat walks high up among the rafters of the stage, changing the lights.

"Light 'em all!" he yells and then as the set is flooded with light from above he starts barking a series of running orders.

"Number two! Pull it down! Lower! *(Continued on page 92)*

If you want to know what Ruth Chatterton is really like you'll have to consult this story. It's not an interview. It's the straight and honest truth. You'll like it.

Ruth and George, right, give you a thousand dollar smile. Expensive? Well, a minute of the star's time on the Chatterton set is that valuable. Worth it, though.

Leonard, or Ivan Simpson. If they would talk, freely and confidentially, what a story they might be able to tell!

But each of them is working to make his or her own rôle stand out as distinctive and important, paying much attention to his own job and very little to the star. If they talked it would probably be about themselves, not about the impregnable Miss Chatterton who basks in cultured ease behind a battery of "keep away" signs.

The cameraman, who might be excellent as a source for Chatterton copy, is kept in a state of continuous agitation by Dieterle, who finds new and amazing spots for the camera between each "take." The script clerk, the set dresser, the two assistant directors, the man who handles the

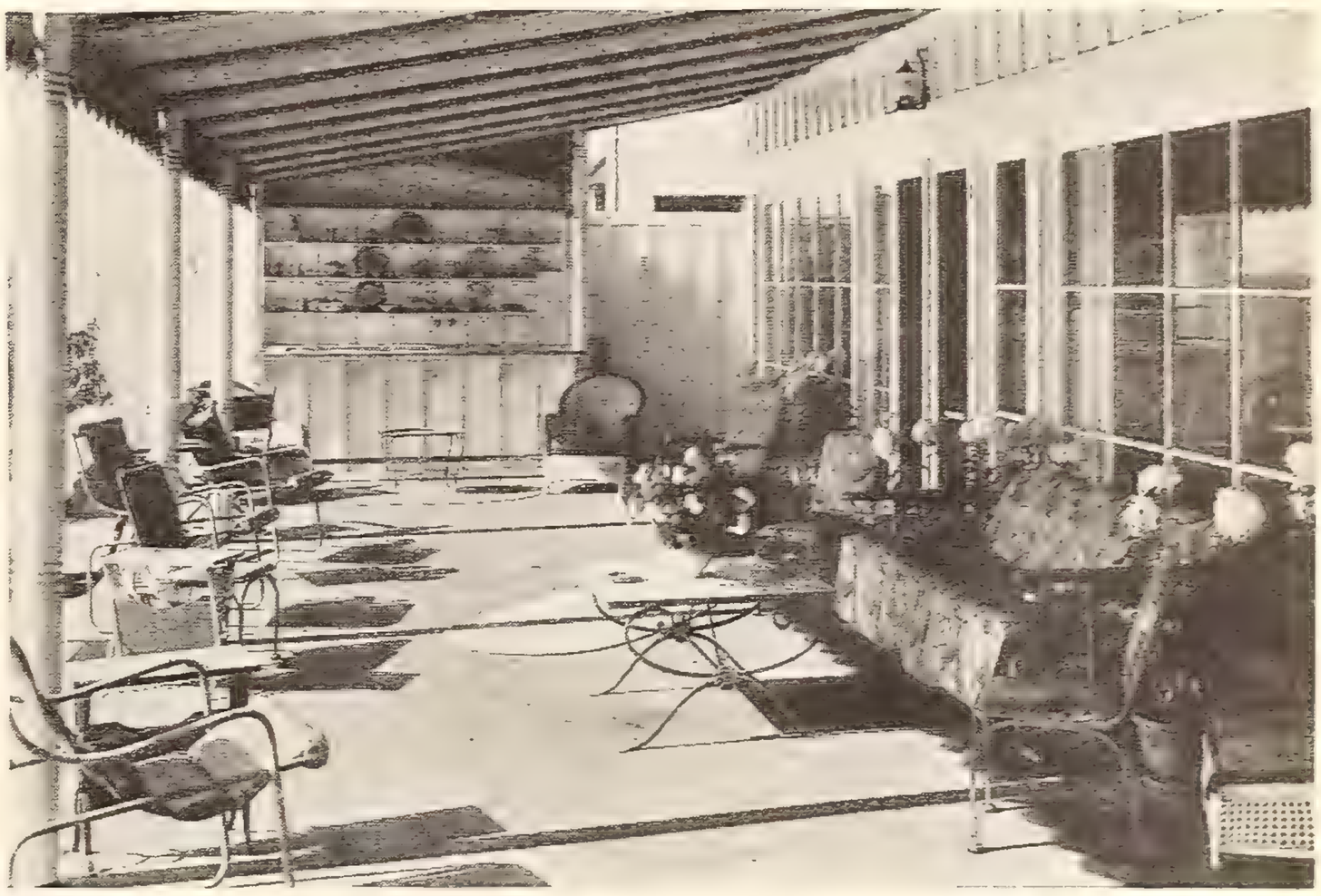
Mildred Davis Lloyd and husband Harold lolling on the sands in front of their lovely new beach cottage. Harold has just completed his latest comedy, "Movie Crazy."

Harold Lloyd's New Beach House

Here it is at Santa Monica, where Marion Davies, Bebe Daniels, and Mary and Doug have homes, and where Jackie Cooper says he wants to build one—when he can afford it!

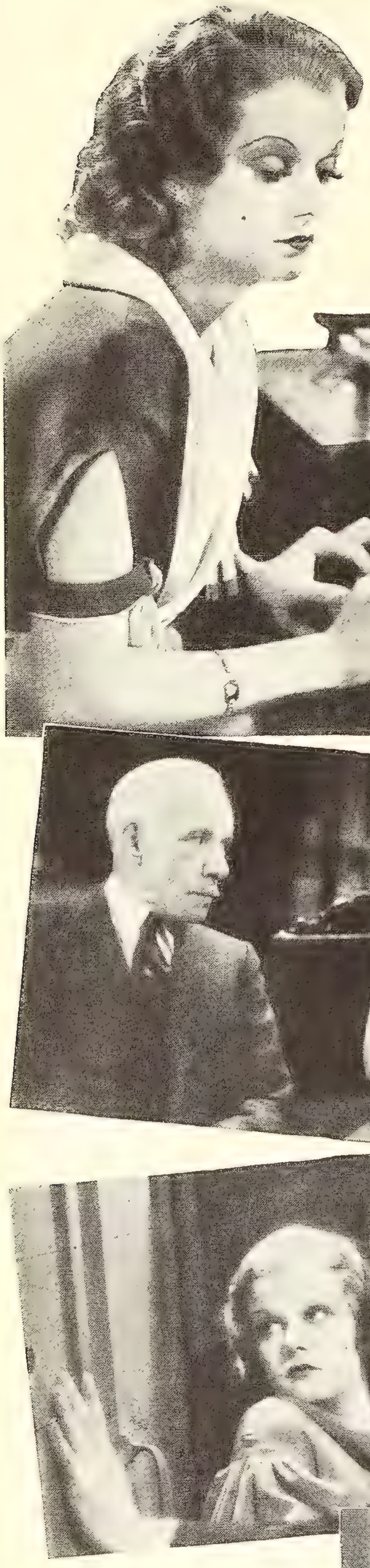
Here's the Lloyd abode as it appears from the front gate. With all those sun umbrellas and comfy chairs about the premises, it doesn't seem as though anyone would be either hot or bothered while at the Lloyds'.

Here's just a part of the living room—the bright chintz sofas flanking the fireplace might be called "the spirit of summer at the beach." The flowers add a bright touch, too—and there's the grand piano, just in case some friends drop in for an evening.



A view of the Lloyd front porch overlooking the Pacific. The Lloyd guests come out of the surf and eat! Note the coffee table, and in the background, the cupboard containing some of Harold's prized hand-painted china.

Another view of the porch which runs across the entire front of the house. Spacious? Not at all—it's just a little cottage by the sea! There's plenty of nice Pacific Coast sand for the little Lloyds to make pies, build castles and dig for buried treasures.



"Red-Headed Woman!" Jean plays a torrid typist.

See Red with Jean Harlow

At last we learn what a red-headed mama can do!

"RED-HEADED WOMAN" is here! And Jean Harlow as a red-head has changed her whole personality. She has banished a lot of funny little inhibitions. For, believe it or not, being a "platinum blonde" with the general implications that go with hard metal, had begun to get on Jean's nerves. She wanted to prove she could be a fiery actress, with seething emotions and all that. But we, and the studios, had saddled a platinum complex on the poor girl.

But now—! The red wig is youthful, diabolically cute, insidious. Somehow, too, it makes Jean look more petite. There's one scene which will have to be handled subtly for all its wild abandon, when Jean discovers that all the people who attended her elaborate and slightly nouveau-richy party and left early on the pretense of a committee meeting, went over to tell the former wife all about it with malice and derision. Jean is undressed for bed at the time, but out she flies and hurls herself with white-hot fury into the rival party. Don't miss it whatever you do, it's a new unsuspected Jean. One could feel Director Jack Conway's sigh of triumphant satisfaction as she cut loose and spake her little mind. That's what red hair can do for a girl!

We were afraid, at first, when we heard that girls like Colleen Moore had been tested for the rôle, that the character of the ambitious little small town stenog who vamps her young married boss into divorcing his wife, might be softened up and prettied a bit. But instead Jean plans a thoroughly selfish little hard-boiled fury. Anita Loos has done her scenario job well. Oh, she's a most reprehensible character, is Jean—but don't you believe there is anything cold or platinum about her in *this* picture.

Anita has introduced a chauffeur love-affair that wasn't in the original story, but this chap is fully justified when it comes to the gem of a satirical ending. Oh, no, we won't give that away—it's too delicious a surprise finale and is worth a priceless "last laugh" when you see the picture.

Chester Morris is the seduced husband. How men love playing seduced-husband parts! The original *Bill* of the story was a bit weakish.

(*Continued on page 92*)

Jean even vamps her papa-in-law, Lewis Stone. And Oh, that heated love scene in a telephone booth—even the wires get hot! This sequence will make the screen smolder.

With her platinum coolness gone, red-headed Jean lures one man after another in this Katherine Brush story, scenarized by Anita Loos. Look at Chester Morris!

Ringing the Bellamy!

That's just what Ralph has done in Hollywood —and now he's among the best bets for male stardom

By

Garret Fox

Bellamy ran away from home at sixteen to join a Shakespearian troupe, then toured in stock companies for years. So it's no wonder he crashed the Hollywood gates! Watch for him in "The Woman in Room 13."

RALPH BELLAMY was sitting on a desk in a very comfortable fashion discussing "Grand Hotel."

"I went to sleep twice during the picture. I think I must be the only person in Hollywood who doesn't consider the picture up to snuff. You see, *Grusinskaya* in the book is old, tired—her face has been lifted. The Baron, after his first night with her, discovers this and his heart swells with sympathy. Yet Garbo gives none of this."

Now, young Ralph is an actor through and through. At the age of sixteen he ran away from home to join a Shakespearian troupe. His family was very much against his becoming an actor, but ever since he saw "The Wizard of Oz," he suffered from a longing for the stage.

He toured the middle-west for three years playing every sort of part possible in a Shakespearian company. At one time he was playing *Othello* and was also the stage carpenter. Later, he had his own stock company which played through the middle-west with one and two night stands.

But in 1930 New York found him knocking at the gates of Broadway. After small parts in "Town Boy," "Holiday," and "Coquette," along with a good many uncomfortable moments, he secured an outstanding part in "Roadside." This paved the way for Hollywood.

Joe Schenck signed a contract with him and immediately brought him to Hollywood. Due to a slight misunderstanding Ralph was not used and within a very few months the contract was broken by mutual agreement.

Bellamy, slightly confused and a little baffled by his initiation to movieland, proceeded to start out on a free-lance career. His first pictures were "The Secret Six," "The Magnificent Lie," and "Surrender." The last was a Fox production and met with so much success that he was put under contract immediately by that company. His current picture, "The Woman in Room 13," with Elissa Landi, is winning him new laurels.

Ralph, himself, is a tall, well-built young man, approaching his early thirties. His hair is light brown, while his eyes are blue and have a way of seeming to be interested in everything going on. He doesn't suffer from the handicap of being too good-looking, but radiates an easy personality which is much more attractive. He enjoys tennis and riding but since he has been on the Fox lot they haven't given him much time to indulge in these pleasures. Old books are precious to him and he reads biographies and classics with a relish.

Bellamy has only been in Hollywood a little over a year, but seems to be enjoying it immensely and making a very favorable impression. He has ideas, too!

For instance, he considers the stage was getting along very nicely until it became ultra-sophisticated. Now he believes the movies are suffering from the same complaint.

"The average person is interested in the more simple things, things that he himself understands—life that is a part of him. I believe that, although people flock to the theatres, they are not necessarily satisfied with the pictures but rather more interested in what the individual star is up to."

Ralph looks forward to many changes and developments in motion pictures within the next few years. The production end of the game has already seen many such changes, and he believes that the pictures themselves will be vastly different—the camera will be a much more efficient piece of mechanism *(Continued on page 95)*

She has been a success and a failure, a hard-luck kid and a hit!

IN THE City of Cinderellas—Hollywood—there are so many Horatio Alger stories of rags to riches that they have become common. No longer do Hollywoodians gasp in amazement when an unknown boy or girl is ballooned suddenly from poverty to the tallest screen pinnacles. It has happened hundreds of times in the past; it will continue to happen in the future.

Were I asked to point my finger at the Cinderella-girl who has been the most fortunate in Hollywood, I would set my aim upon Marian Nixon. On the other hand, if I were asked to designate the girl who has been the most *unfortunate,* I would again choose Marian Nixon.

You will demand: How can she be the most fortunate and the most unfortunate; sugar cannot be both sweet and sour? I answer: Sugar came from the cane, and cane from the seed, which was not sweet. And Marian has shared in ill fortune of most disheartening sort, and she has also tasted good luck from an overflowing bowl. She has been a success and a failure, and a failure and a success.

Why does Marian Nixon leave her luxurious home for hard work in the studio as "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"? Director Santell is okaying her costume here.

Why Marian Nixon

Ten years ago she was poor, unmarried, ambitious, and she was not happy because she wished to be wealthy, married and successful. Today Marian is wealthy, married and successful, but she still is not happy. There remains just one thing that she wants. You wonder what it can be. She has more money than she can spend, an estate in Beverly Hills, a swimming pool, beautiful clothes and furs and jewels, and a husband who is devoted to her and to whom she is likewise attracted; what more can the girl desire?

Marian Nixon wants to take part in a motion picture to which she can point proudly. She is unhappy because, in her entire career, she has not appeared in even one picture that was outstanding.

That is why I say she is unfortunate. Any woman who is not happy is unfortunate. I knew that even before Marian told me.

"But surely these other good things that are yours more than atone for your single unsatisfied ambition," I said.

She shook her head. "At times I am so unhappy that I would gladly exchange all of my wealth and luxuries —everything except my Eddie (her husband, Edward Hillman)—for a part in a great picture. What have I accomplished, after all? When I began my career, many years ago, I wanted more than money; I wanted to achieve a goal. I wanted to do big things. I have not done them. There is not a single screen rôle to which I can look back with pride. When I meet my friends at parties, I hear them talk so proudly of their *big* successes—the picture they will always remember. I cannot join their talk because I have no such picture; not even one."

Who are these friends who speak of their pictures so proudly? They are Marian's intimate chums: Janet Gaynor, Sally Eilers, Mary Brian, Joan Crawford. No

Marian can wear chinchilla-trimmed negligées in private life, but she revels in getting up at six to play poor little girls. Read the story for the explanation!

She's the luckiest girl in Hollywood—and the most unfortunate!

is Unhappy

By

James M. Fidler

wonder Marian is unhappy when they talk of their careers. Janet has her "Seventh Heaven" and "Sunrise" and "Daddy Long Legs." Sally has her "Bad Girl" and "Dance Team." Mary has "The Virginian" and "It's Tough To Be Famous." Joan has "Dancing Daughters" and "Possessed" and "Letty Lynton." But Marian hasn't one picture to which she can return grateful memories.

Very recently a friend asked Miss Nixon why she did not succumb to the wishes of her husband, who wants her to quit her career and go with him to Southern France, where he will build a chateau for her. Marian only answered that she is not yet ready to retire from the screen. She smiled when she said it, but I was amazed to see tears in her eyes. Not until that moment did I realize how sincerely and how deeply Marian feels the hurt of working so long and tirelessly for a goal that she has failed to achieve; may never achieve.

Marian has the soul of an artist, and the wisdom of a clever business woman, but insofar as her career is concerned, the wisdom can no more control the soul than the mind can regulate the heart in love. Even though her wisdom had gained her more millions than Henry Ford, the soul would still be unsatisfied, for commercialism can never alter the purpose of a true artist—like Marian. She will never be happy until she has starred in at least one *big* motion picture; in fact:

"When I have played in a picture I can be proud of, I will retire and have babies," she told me.

Big motion pictures have always remained just around the corner from Marian. Eight years ago she was under contract to the Fox Film Company. On the eve of her selection for the principal rôle in "Seventh Heaven"—the part that Janet played—Marian's contract ended, and she left Fox to become a Universal star at a much greater salary. She lost "Seventh Heaven."

She remained with Universal throughout that company's most uninspiring period, when not one really good picture was produced by that studio. Since then, she has missed by fractional inches a number of big pictures. Richard Barthelmess, who admires her as an actress, has cast her opposite him three times, but on each occasion the story selected by Dick was a poor one. Had Marian been fortunate enough to appear with Barthelmess in "Patent Leather Kid," "The Last Flight" or any other one of the star's *big* pictures, she might be happy today, rather than unhappy.

Even in marriage, Marian has had her unhappiness, as well as her happiness. (*Continued on page 91*)

Women have been kind *to* Melvyn Douglas

Why? This story tells you

By Laura Benham

The latest woman in Melvyn's movie life—Greta Garbo. Here they are in a scene from "As You Desire Me." Read Laura Benham's interview with Douglas—it's different!

IT HAS been said that behind every man's success may be found a woman responsible for his accomplishment.

In the case of Melvyn Douglas, the latest screen hero to set feminine hearts palpitating, it was not *one woman,* but *many women,* who moulded his character and influenced his life. Not only women individually, but women collectively and in the mass.

Looking at Melvyn today—talking to him—one is conscious of his overwhelming virility, his intense masculinity. Over six feet tall, blond, blue-eyed and lithe, there is little about him to suggest the important part that feminine influence has played in his interesting career.

In fact, I don't think Mr. Douglas himself is aware of it. Subconsciously—without his sensing it—his personality and attitude toward life have been affected by the female of the species.

To begin with, Melvyn was born in the South—Macon, Georgia, to be explicit. On the surface that means simply in a small, rather sleepy little town where life flows smoothly and placidly with scant interest in the affairs of the world at large. But in reality, it means more than that. It means that his life began in a land dominated by women. Oh, not aggressively, to be sure. But softly, insidiously, in the apparently ineffectual manner that Southern women have always adopted to clothe their quest for the things they desire.

Therefore, his early boyhood was spent in what might be termed a "matriarchy." Of course, his father was living, a kindly, gentle instructor of music in one of the colleges of the vicinity.

But Melvyn's first impressions are of a household in which his mother was unquestionably the most important person. The affairs of the church sewing circle and weekly whist club were of infinitely greater moment than the infrequent events that occurred among his father's musical friends.

When Melvyn was about six years old, his father accepted a position as music instructor at Ward-Belmont Seminary, one of the South's most exclusive academies of feminine learning, located in Nashville, Tennessee. It was there that Melvyn's feminine associations were extended.

"I started school at Ward-Belmont," he explained. "Of course, I was just of kindergarten age and it didn't make very much difference to me whether my classmates were boys or girls. But after the first year, it began to seem funny to me that I was the only boy in a school of over five hundred girls.

"I'd pass other boys on the street and I'd ask my mother why none of them came to Ward-Belmont, too. Or why I couldn't go to the same school that some of them attended. However, it didn't really matter to me and I think before long I rather enjoyed being the only boy among so many girls." (*Continued on page 89*)

Burns and Allen, being clever on Robert Burns program.

Myrt and Marg, the Wrigley riot act. 'S chew funny!

Ruth Etting, Chesterfield's glamorous vocal Garbo.

Tony Wons, the Camel Quarter Hour poetic idol.

RADIO ROYALTY

By Louis Reid

FROM the stage to radio, from radio to the stage—so moves the amusement pendulum in America today. More than twenty of the air's foremost performers today are doubling behind the footlights. Most of them dash in and out of the screen and recording studios at the same time. They are the New Rich, the most prosperous of all the toilers of the land!

Those whom radio lifted from obscurity to stardom almost as quickly as you can say "by special permission of the copyright owners" now find themselves on the vaudeville or movie theatre stage for the surprise of their lives. Artists who flocked to radio to escape the rigors of the road find the rigors increased. But they don't complain. The work is too profitable.

The microphone parade today is a far cry and a long train ticket from the comfortable studios where travel-tired troupers sought relief from one-night stands and assorted dressing rooms. And so we have radio joining hands with the stage in the dizziest dance to fame ever known to America's amusements.

It was only a little more than a year ago that radio discovered Kate Smith as a vaudeville balladeer. In that time her popularity has reached a state in which a typical day embraces not only broadcasting but four metropolitan theatre appearances, singing in the swankiest of the night clubs, speaking as a luncheon guest of honor, posing for photographs, meeting interviewers, and acknowledging mail as mountainous as that peak over which her songwriters' moon is forever coming.

Her feverish activity finds a counterpart in the life of others who have achieved box-office names via the studios. Morton Downey, Tony Wons and Jacques Renard not so long ago closed in Baltimore a vaudeville tour which took them to the leading cities of the Middle West and during which they performed on the air six times weekly. If you're craving statistics you may know here and now that in the past year and a half Downey has sung 4,100 songs on the air alone!

It was also Baltimore that (*Continued on page 90*)

Rudy of the Vallee, still scoring on the Fleischmann Hour.

Harry Richman — "dated" with Chase and Sanborn.

Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd—clean nonsense. In fact, Ivory!

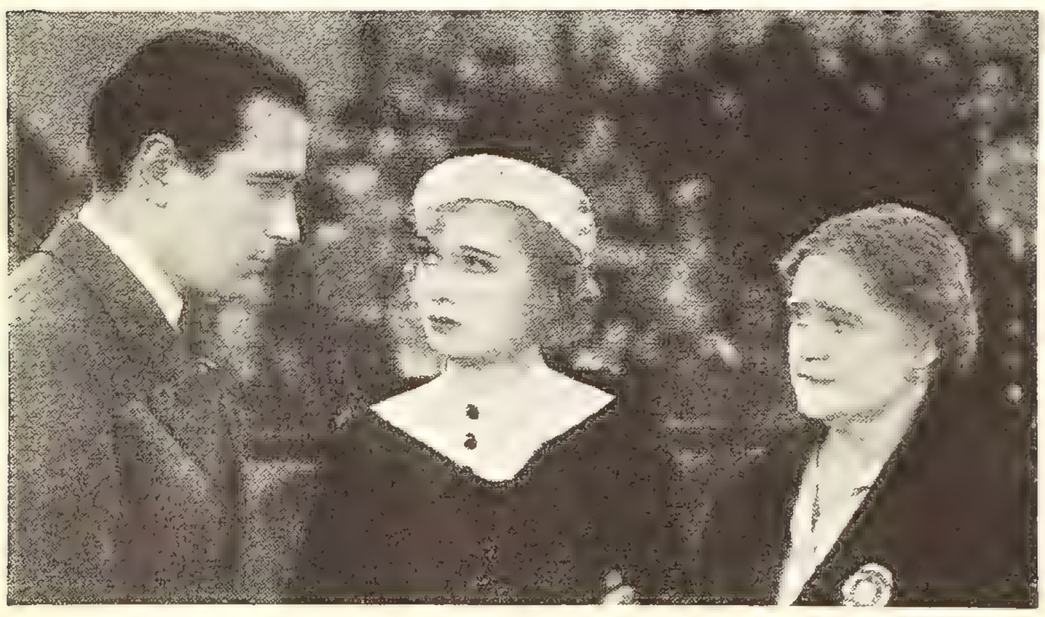
Critical Comment

Huddle
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

RamonNovarro is surprisingly good as a football player. This is an entirely different rôle for him and he scores a touchdown. Novarro plays a poor Italian lad who receives a scholarship to Yale. The film concerns itself with Ramon's change of environment, his education, making the football team, and winning Madge Evans. Henry Armetta is excellent. Ramon does fine work.

The Woman in Room 13
Fox

Murder, suicide, and blackmail are the ingredients mixed for this film. Result—fair entertainment. But Elissa Landi makes up for that. She looks lovely and her acting is excellent. Elissa divorces Ralph Bellamy (in the picture, of course) and wrecks his political career—at least Ralph thinks so. So Bellamy devotes his time trying to wreck Elissa's marriage to handsome Neil Hamilton.



The Trial of Vivienne Ware
Fox

This is a directorial feat! Hats off to William K. Howard for his clever camera tricks, and for the action and suspense he sustains in a rather mediocre story. Joan Bennett is lovely as the heroine suspected of murdering her play-boy fiance. Allan Dinehart, from the stage, is keen. ZaSu Pitts, as a sob-sister, and Skeets Gallagher, as a radio announcer, supply the laughs.

The Strange Love of Molly Louvain
First National

Swell comedy-drama. LeeTracy plays a wisecracking reporter, and Ann Dvorak a shady lady who gets involved in a gangster-police fracas, but you won't take it too seriously—Tracy sees to that with his fast patter. Ann Dvorak is excellent as *Molly Louvain,* the "tinsel girl." The acting honors are shared by Tracy and Ann. Richard Cromwell plays a nice boy nicely.

Two Seconds
First National

Depressing melodrama. This sordid tale of a riveter who murders his dance-hall wife is not a very happy selection for Edward G. Robinson. Awaiting a murderer's end in the chair, Eddie reviews his life and misfortunes in "two seconds." Robinson over-acts. Vivienne Osborne, as the dance-hall girl, does excellent work. You'll like good-looking Preston Foster.

Trapeze
Harmonie

Introducing Anna Sten, whom you'll see in our American pictures soon. She's pretty, and a good little actress. Reinhold Bernt plays opposite her. The picture has a circus background, and is reminiscent of "Variety," Emil Jannings' silent classic. There's a jealous husband, a perilous trapeze trick, and lurking tragedy. This is a German film but the dialogue is translated for you.

on Current Films

The Strange Case of Clara Deane

Paramount

Bring along at least three hankies—how you'll weep at this melodrama! Wynne Gibson suffers right into fame. She's great! Pat O'Brien plays a villain—and what a meanie he is. The story is one of those mother-love tragedies reminiscent of "Madame X" and "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." But Wynne's fine acting is her own brand—you'll like it!

Love Is a Racket

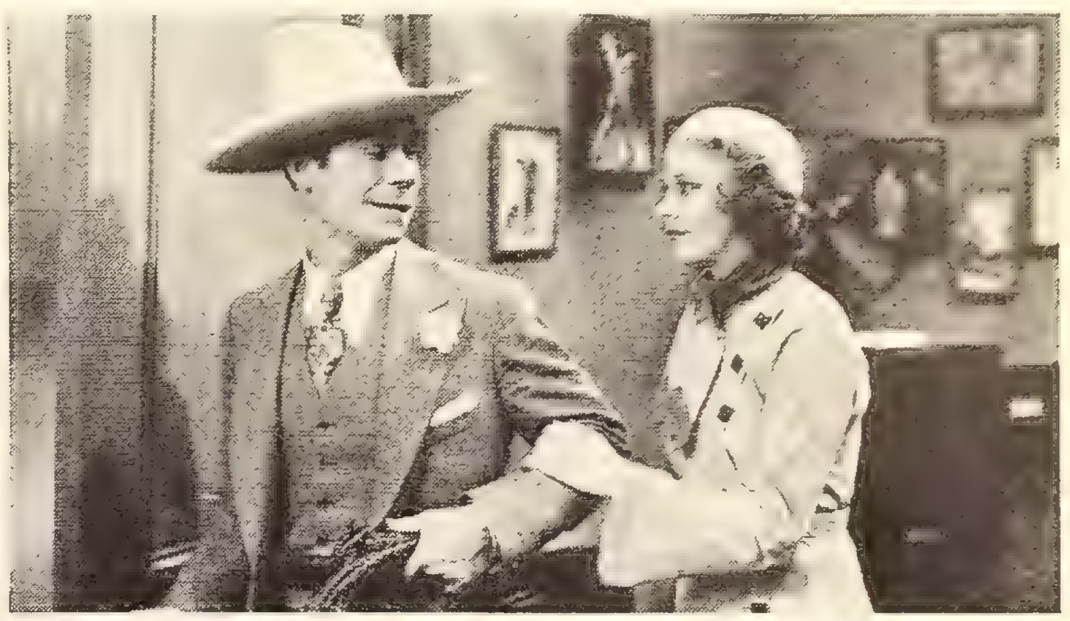
Warners

This exhibit has its moments of excitement, although the story is confusing. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., a trifle too bland, is the newspaper columnist in love with a stage cutie played by Frances Dee. A racketeer is murdered and Doug conceals the traces. But what was Ann Dvorak doing in Doug's apartment, and why was she wasted on such an absurd rôle? See what I mean by "confusing"?

Amateur Daddy

Fox

If you like good old-fashioned romance—here's your dish. Marian Nixon is the newest screen Cinderella. When Marian's film father dies he extracts a promise from bachelor Baxter to take care of his four youngsters. There's a nasty villain who wants Marian's ranch because he knows there's oil on the premises. But fear not, Warner Baxter is around. Baxter and Nixon are grand.



The Tenderfoot

First National

Here's a new slant on the tenderfoot—this time it's a westerner who's a tenderfoot on Broadway. It's Joe E. Brown's best comedy. See it and hand yourself one big, long laugh. Joe comes to Broadway with twenty thousand dollars and a desire to produce a show. Lew Cody takes the money and makes a producer out of Brown—and then the fun begins! Pretty Ginger Rogers is the heroine.

Behind the Mask

Columbia

A "horror" melodrama with Jack Holt as a heroic secret service man. Holt gets his man and the girl, Constance Cummings. The story is unbelievable but will hold your interest if you like 'em gruesome. There's a villainous doctor who is the head of a dope ring. You'll see a couple of cold-blooded murders—and Boris Karloff menacing around. A good nerve tonic.

Sky Bride

Paramount

Thrilling stunt flying and corking comedy! Hooray—Richard Arlen and Jack Oakie are teamed again! Arlen accidentally kills his pal, Tom Douglas, in a plane crash, with the result that Dick loses his nerve. It takes Oakie's best comedy, Virginia Bruce's beauty, and Bobby Coogan's appeal to help him regain his self-confidence. Arlen and Oakie are *okay!*

You-all Know her, Suah 'Nough!

Here's a close-up of "Li'l Kentucky" Merkel, the girl who put art in an accent—yes, suh!

By

Peggy Hart

"I'm glad you-all like me, and heah's hoping you come in crowds to see me as the blonde in 'Red-Headed Woman,' no foolin'!" says Una Merkel.

IT'S all very well, but when studio after studio hands a bright girl a contract and then politely fails to take up the first option a few months later, it *can* be discouraging!

But we have the interesting demonstration that "a snub's as good as a smile" in the case of gallant Una Merkel. Una has positively thriven on snubs.

Remember how they hailed her in Hollywood when she was first snatched from the stage cast of Frank Craven's "Salt Water" in New York? "The outstanding film personality, one destined to go far in her work. Miss Merkel will be a star within a year," beamed Sol Lesser. "I am convinced Miss Merkel is on her way to stardom," opined Joseph Schenck. That was when she played in "Eyes of the World." But when the time came, somehow the studio failed to take up her option.

It was David Wark Griffith who first cast a favorable eye upon Una, when she doubled so successfully for Lillian Gish—in a picture that was never released. However, Griffith did give her the part of Ann Rutledge in "Abraham Lincoln," at the same time declaring her "the greatest natural actress now engaged in pictures."

But, you see, Una was wise in her day. When I interviewed her then, she dimpled modestly and remarked that she only hoped she could live up to it. No one, she said, could call her beautiful, and she hoped they would give her comedy rôles, where people were not thinking of how one looked all the time. I decided then that she was a sane young person, with her head very much screwed on the right way 'round.

So when her contract with United Artists was not renewed—after all the public compliments—it didn't break her heart.

Instead, she held up her gallant little head, stuck it out, and was soon signed with Fox for six months. After "Daddy Long Legs" with Janet Gaynor, and one or two other parts, Fox likewise failed to take up her option, while smothering her with compliments.

"Another snub!" thought Una. "Never surrender!"

But Metro was soon to recognize her talents, and now, with three months to run on this contract, before the option time comes up, Una is the smart-cracking room-mate of Jean Harlow in "Red-Headed Woman," and having the time of her young life. For she adores comedy and character rôles.

It was her performance with Norma Shearer in "Private Lives" that won her this last contract. Then she appeared in "Huddle" and was loaned to Universal for "The Impatient Maiden." (*Continued on page 95*)

Bright Boy!

A stage, screen and radio veteran at 22, Eric Linden is just getting under way

By

Robert Baldwin

The stage plucked him out of college —the films took him away from the stage—but is Eric satisfied? No!

AND Eric Linden is his real name, too! He's the bright white hope at the R.K.O. studio, where they consider he has all the boyish charms of Jimmy Dunn, with a few extra of his own thrown in, and with a five-year edge on Jimmy in the matter of age.

He's just twenty-two now, and oh, what a career that youngster has already left behind him!

His father was an actor on the Swedish stage and Eric is the baby of four children. But his parents were separated when Eric was three years old—

"So mother worked for us and raised us. My mother is the most beautiful person on earth," says Eric devoutly.

But it is evidently no handicap to have a working mother. It makes nice boys more eager to get out and help. Eric began by being a star pupil at school—simply swept through class after class, and got through Columbia University in two years, where he was the youngest student. No dawdling over studies for Eric; he was too impatient to be out in the world helping mother.

It was at the University that the Theatre Guild "discovered" him. It's quite thrilling to be discovered by the Guild. And it helps Broadway to do a bit of swift "discovering" too, so before he was twenty this clever boy had won success in such New York stage plays as "One Way Street," "Flight," "Buckaroo," and then followed a precious season with the Berkshire Players.

The luck of the boy! Blest if a good company didn't take him to Paris, where he appeared in such shows as "The Road to Rome" and "The Barker"—always as the juvenile lead.

"I loved Paris," confides Eric. "Had a marvelous room for $11 a month. Decided I wanted to be a writer and did a play in my spare time. It wasn't produced! But I'm still fond of it—it was all about a female racketeer with a beautiful daughter, brought up knowing nothing of her mother's nefarious activities. I wanted to take a place I found at $300 a year on the Riviera and live the life of a secluded playwright and all that."

But instead, this boy's whirlwind career called him back to Broadway, and there his performances attracted the Hollywood eye. (*Continued on page 97*)

Yes, you'll want to go leaping along into your Summer fun as Rochelle Hudson and Phyllis Clare are doing here. But you'll also want to follow Margery Wilson's advice as given in this article to make your vacation a really profitable one.

Summer Lines

Some are good, some are not. This beauty article tells you about the "New Wrinkles" you'll want to adopt and those to avoid

By

Margery Wilson

YOU can just pat yourself on your sun-burned back if you are able to keep up with all the new wrinkles this season. It is a summer of discoveries and novelties. What with machineless permanent waves, blue and green mascara, and hand-painted shoes—well, it's come to a point where if anyone walks up to me (or swims up to me) and says "Here's a new wrinkle," I feel like issuing a warning that it had better be good!

What, you have discovered a tiny, new wrinkle around your eyes somewhere? That *would* cause your heart to skip a beat, wouldn't it? But why have a pleasant summer spoiled by such a discovery? Get rid of it! It is an uninvited summer visitor that may remain too long.

What can you expect of your poor skin if you sit around squinting in the glare, holding the muscles around your eyes in a thousand tiny folds while the sun bakes them into that position? And along with the squint you invariably pull your cheek and mouth muscles into a shape that resembles an irritated badger. Result, a thickening of the contour from your nose to the corner of your mouth and a coarsening of your mouth line. Just a summer complaint, to be sure, but it will remain for this and other winters if you do not smooth it out before it becomes permanent.

Joan Marsh uses a good cold cream to ward off some of those "summer wrinkles."

These little summer wrinkles are no respecters of youth, either. They appear on the freshest of seventeen-year-old faces sometimes—faintly, of course, but marking the spot where they will return and return like a criminal coming back to the scene of his crime.

Just slip those smooth, tapering fingers of yours into a rich, oily eye-cream or muscle oil and start right in to uproot them. Using the cushions of your fingers as tiny hammers you can "sculpture" your face into normalcy and even improve on that.

Work in from the temple to the nose under the eye and then back across the lid. Every single tap helps to smooth and revivify this delicate

area. Use nice little dainty love-taps, beauty-loving taps. The skin about the eyes is thin and requires gentler treatment than any other part of the face. Be careful of using liquid astringents around your eyes. The strong ones may tend to shrivel this delicate skin. The astringent should be in oil or cream.

Most of the special eye-creams are made of very fine oils treated so as to penetrate the extremely small pores in this thin, delicate skin. A regular nourishing cream can help smooth and revive the skin itself, but cannot usually penetrate to build up the underlying tissues.

While you are patting and stroking to get rid of the new wrinkles you are also doing definite good to your eyes. The stimulation brightens and strengthens them. Leave on some of the cream while you put several drops of refreshing eye-lotion in each eye. Now go on with your wrinkle erasing.

The Hollywood stars have a way of using eye-drops that doesn't muss their make-up in the least. Lots of them have a small bottle on the set so they can use it just before close-ups to give their eyes that lovely glistening, moist look that is so appealingly feminine. With a finger of the left hand they pull the lower lid down a trifle, just enough to form a little cup; into this they put several drops of lotion from a dropper. Then they roll the eye round and up and down until the soothing liquid has reached every point. Carry a little bottle in your bag to refresh your eyes when motoring or any time you are tired.

Lovely eyes are very damaging to the male heart. Take care of yours! Keep them bright and clear. Beautiful, melting eyes are so appropriate with the new pinks and blues for evening. Aren't you glad they're in style again? We're all tired of the stare of bold eyes.

After a day of sport, or shopping, when you are fagged and yet you must be lovely for some special reason, give yourself the following treatment: Slide into a hot tub (yes, even in summer). While the warm water is relaxing you and "evening" your circulation, put on your eye cream and pat it in as I explained at the beginning. Put nourishing cream on the rest of your face and neck. Use your eye drops. Now lie back in the water and put cool pads saturated in witch-hazel over your eyes. You can buy little bags of astringent herbs for this purpose, too, if you prefer. Relax, for as long as you can—five minutes, anyway. Then remove the pads from your eyes and sit up. You are ready for some face-reviving secrets. Listening?

Here is a stunt that will add life and strength to your eyes, as well as depth and brilliance. Directly beneath the inner end of the eyebrow there is a notch in the forehead bone that houses a nerve. By placing the thumbs over this nerve and gently massaging it, you can stimulate and brighten your eyes almost instantly. This helps to give your eyes "that light that lies in woman's eyes and lies and lies and lies." Just a few brief seconds is enough for this—and be very, very gentle. To make your eyes appear larger and to *(Continued on page 97)*

Write for Beauty!

You may have all the beauty help you need from Margery Wilson, our charm editor, who is a beauty herself. Make her department your guide. If you wish a personal answer, just write to her and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address Miss Margery Wilson, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

Adrienne Ames takes effective measures against those last squints of summer that bring fall wrinkles.

Increasing fame! Now Joan Blondell has a brand of stockings named after her. Have a look at a pair of "Joan Blondell Nets" in a perfect setting.

Here's Hollywood!

News—gossip—pictures—players—all the talk of Screen Town

Rumors about Mickey Mouse are still flying fast. The latest is that Mickey threatens to go home to the hole under the pantry floor because he was turned down for the leading rôle in "A Church Mouse."

Will Rogers tried out a new Garbo gag in a recent broadcast, but returns from the listeners indicated that they didn't care much for it. The story Will was stuck with was that Greta is not Swedish at all, but a former Ziegfeld Follies lass whose real name is Una Hendrickson. Well—Will was only playing. Remarkable, though, how staunchly the Garbo lady's admirers stick by her when anybody tries to get sassy.

So Jack Gilbert is going to try marriage once again! It was one of the surprises of the season when Jack announced, coincident with the beginning of work on his own story, "Downstairs," that he was engaged to Virginia Bruce, who plays opposite him in the picture. The wedding will take place, he said, immediately after he receives his final divorce decree from Ina Claire on August 15.

Although Jack had been seen occasionally with Virginia, he likewise had been seen with various other girls, and had given no indication that his affections had centered in any one direction. This, if nothing happens to change his plans, will be his fourth marriage, all of them with picture girls. His first wife was Olivia Burwell, who never rose much above the extra ranks. His second was Leatrice Joy; and then came the famous and ill-fated match with Ina Claire in 1929. For Virginia, who is about twenty-two, the contemplated marriage will be her first venture.

GOOD News! Lilian Harvey, the foreign film girl SCREENLAND "discovered" and told you about, is coming over from Germany to act in American films. We almost feel as if it were our idea, inasmuch as we were the first to feature her on this side of the water, in a story which appeared in our June issue. Lilian, who gave such a delightful performance in the German-made "Congress Dances," is of Anglo-German parentage. She has been signed by Fox, and is expected in Hollywood in October. Her name is already mentioned for the film version of "Bitter Sweet," Noel Coward's operetta which Fox will produce. Don't disappoint us, Lilian—we're for you!

Garbo's plans? At this writing she is supposed to be on her way home to Sweden; on the other hand, she also is said to have signed another year's lease on her Hollywood house. Still another story insists that all of her belongings have been removed from the Metro lot, the inference being, of course, that she is through. The question, as everyone knows, has been whether M-G-M would double the $7,000-a-week salary on her recent contract and pay her $14,000 on a new one, or allow her to quit and make good the famous "go-home" threat.

The preponderance of opinion here, however, is that the studio will come across with the $14,000—and furthermore, that it has intended doing so from the very start. If such is really the case, all the sound and fury of uncertainty about the outcome of the matter will prove to have been just one more smart publicity stunt.

When Paramount suddenly decided that they had to have Herbert Marshall, the engaging English actor, for the rôle opposite Marlene in "The Blonde Venus," Marshall was playing on the Broadway stage in "There's Always Juliet." But Paramount couldn't let a little thing like that hold up production, so they "bought out" the show for the remaining five weeks of its intended run, and summoned Marshall to Hollywood post haste. Flattering to Herbert, to say the least—but don't be at all surprised if he proves himself fully worthy of it!

Things are going nicely with Cary Grant, if anyone should ask you! Such things, for instance, as a nice new Paramount contract. It all started when Cary made his film debut in "This is the Night," and it continued when he gave a fine account of himself in "Sinners in the Sun" and "Merrily We Go to Hell." Now he has a featured rôle in "West Pointer." Well, we told you last month that he was a winner, didn't we?

Cary stems from the Broadway stage, where he

Here's how the Maniacal Marxes look to a Hollywood pen-and-ink artist, Hen Stowell. Groucho, the slightly cracked wisecracker; Chico, the dialectician who thinks "Pennsylvania" means the trousers profession; Harpo the Silent, who's human though you'd never guess it from his screen antics; and Zeppo, the "straight man," who's the sanest of them all—which gives you an idea! They're funnier than ever in "Horsefeathers."

played in "Nikki," "Boom Boom," "Street Singer," and other productions.

Get set for more of "Tarzan!" Johnny Weissmuller, the big ape and elephant man, is getting ready to spring some more of his jungle tricks in a series of three more pictures, written especially for him by Edgar Rice Burroughs, the "copyright owner." The girl who is to bear the brunt of his jabs and shoves hasn't yet been chosen at this writing, but she will probably be Maureen O'Sullivan. Incidentally, "Variety" just recently spotted this sign on a New York picture house: "Tarzan the Ape Man with Johnny Weissmuller and Nice Women."

Here's a thrill for John Wayne fans—and that means quite a number of you. John is very busy these days on a series of eight Westerns, which are being produced by Leon Schlesinger. The pictures will be released throughout the country by Warner Bros.

It seems almost unfair that an actress as charming as Elissa Landi should also prove to be an authoress of no mean ability. The publication by Doubleday-Doran of Elissa's third novel, "House for Sale," has proved it. The work received considerable attention from American critics, who generally agreed that Elissa, while no towering genius of the pen, is possessed of an authentic literary talent which, if normally developed, may bring her fame second only to her renown in the picture field. "House for Sale" is the story of a typical English upper-class family in the decade following the war. In her handling of many diverse characters and the conflicting relationships among them Miss Landi shows a really admirable insight into human nature as well as an expert knowledge of how to tell a story. All in all, it's a performance that does credit to the intellectual side of Hollywood.

Clark Gable and Wallace Beery in a talkie version of "The Big Parade." That sounds like a real picture! Clark, of course, will play the John Gilbert rôle if the plans go through, and Wally will be the roughneck doughboy played by Karl Dane in the silent version.

Big news for local pie-bakers! Hal Roach announces that he will bring back the slapstick comedy in earnest, using some of the comedians who made things hum in the good old Sennett days. A new series called "Taxi Boys" is planned, and Bert Green, humorist and author of "Love Letters of an Interior Decorator," will work on the stories and gags.

Any doubts as to whether Gloria Swanson would continue to make pictures were dispelled when the announcement came out that she would star in a new story called "Perfect Understanding." This doesn't mean, however, that Gloria

"I feel just bully," says Eddie Cantor, the old toreador, as he prepares for his rôle in "The Kid from Spain." Eddie doesn't mind this bull-fighting business, but insists on killing only kosher bulls!

Whoops! When Jackie Cooper blew into New York on a visit, he made a bee-line for a children's playground to make whoopee with the rest of the kids.

will return to Hollywood—not just yet, at any rate. The picture will be made in Europe and released in this country by United Artists. Rowland V. Lee, of Hollywood, will direct. Part of the story will be filmed in Southern France so little Michele Farmer may enjoy Mediterranean breezes.

Neither Bob Montgomery nor Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., seems able to arrange a vacation which fits in with the holiday plans of his wife. Consequently, when both these lads found themselves once again with lone vacations in prospect, they decided to get together, rent a yacht, and go fishing.

Paramount finally persuaded George M. Cohan, famous producer, author and actor of the stage, to lend his multifold talents to the screen. His first picture will be a political satire, "The Phantom President." George, you know, is the man who made his country's flag famous on the stage.

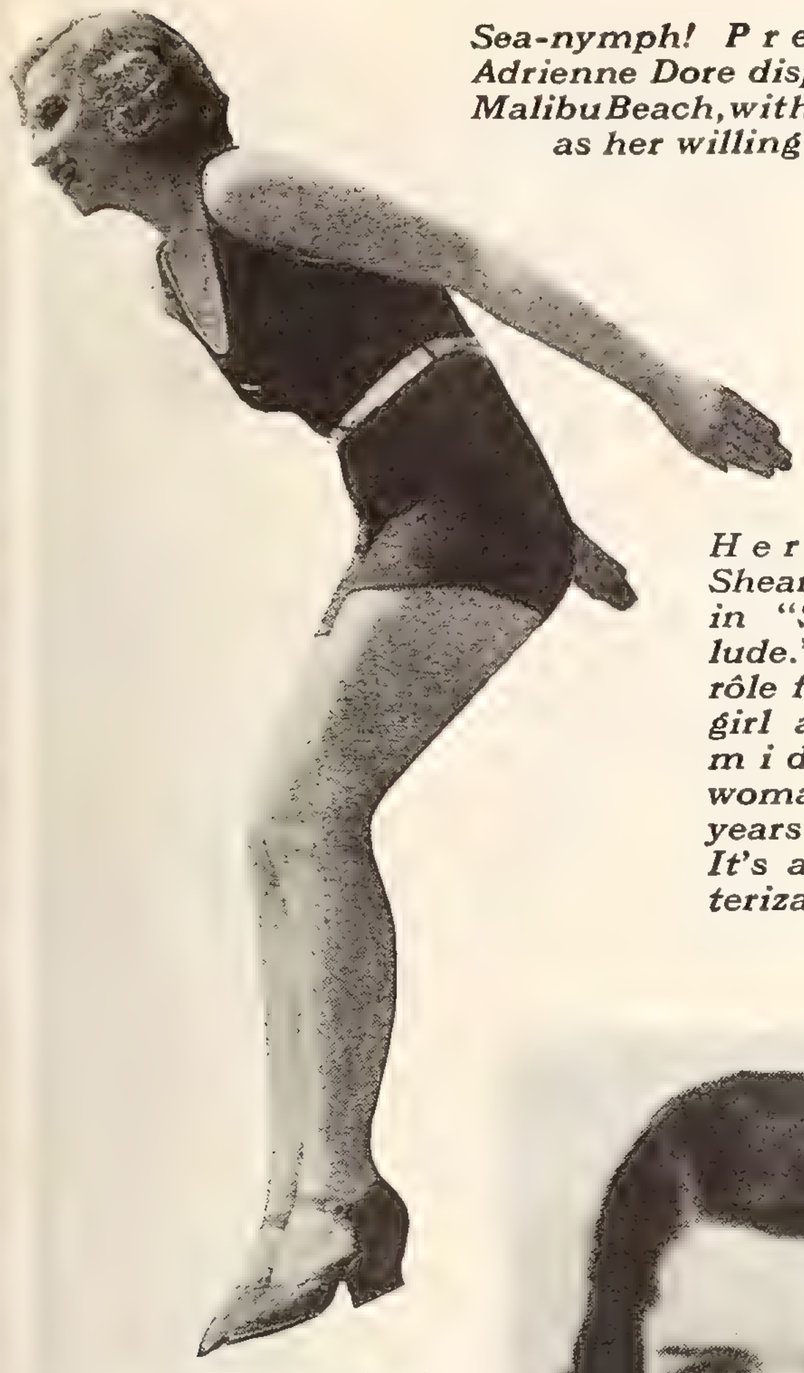
"Old-timer" Jackie Cooper has been making a personal appearance tour. With him on the trip went his mother and (whether or not by Jackie's request we don't know) his teacher. He proved an ingratiating little guy in person. And crowds followed him wherever he went.

Maureen O'Sullivan has taken a small house in Hollywood for the first time during her two years here. Maureen is entertaining an old-time girl friend, and felt that an entire house rather than an apartment was necessary. She says it's the first time she has really had a home in Hollywood.

When Connie Bennett was making "Two Against the World" she had the nice task of picking two leading men. (Incidentally, it requires quite a girl to need two leading men.) At all events, the two lucky gentlemen are George Brent and Allen Vincent.

An intimate offstage view of Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable, accompanied by Norma Shearer. Clark and Norma play the leading rôles in the talkie version of O'Neill's "Strange Interlude." See Norma's cute new little-girl bob? And don't the Gables look happy together—what about those divorce rumors?

Acme



Sea-nymph! Pretty little Adrienne Dore disports herself at Malibu Beach, with Mother Nature as her willing playmate.

Hal Phyfe

Here's Norma Shearer as Nina Leeds in "Strange Interlude." She plays the rôle first as a young girl and then as a middle-aged woman, marked by years of suffering! It's a great characterization! (Right.)

Colleen Moore comes back! Grand news for the fans—the charming Irish actress has signed a contract with Metro.

Loretta Young had just decided she needed a much-earned vacation, when she was called upon to star in "Life Begins." Strangely enough, however, she found that in nearly all the scenes she was required to stay in bed. This went on for three weeks, and seemed the next best thing in the absence of a vacation.

Eva Moore, who plays the character lead in "The Old Dark House," was visited by her young daughter, Jill Esmond. Jill is under contract to Fox while her mother works on the Universal lot.

In this same picture the oldest actor in Hollywood is to be seen. He is John Dudgeon, 102 years old. He plays the part of an invalid, but he himself is healthy, and still going strong. "Radio Patrol," on the other hand, boasts the youngest actor in the person of Lorraine Markley, 14 days.

We're chuckling a bit at the expense of Margaret Livingston, who, you remember, used to brag that she had reduced her 287-pound bridegroom, Paul Whiteman, to 187—just banished 100 pounds neatly. Margaret, on the other hand, used to be a prize slinky vamp. And now—well, we wager she can't shop in the Collegiate Department any more!

Margaret and Paul blew into Hollywood looking very jolly. Paul says even his hat-size has shrunk, too! But the movie offers hovering on the horizon should help fix that little matter!

Al Jolson pranced around these parts in a yachting cap, until he was mistaken for a Catalina Island doorman. Then he decided to become a landlubber again.

Clara Bow's ranch, usually referred to as Rex Bell's ranch before the wedding, is 300,000 acres. So if Clara's new venture into pictures doesn't pan out, she won't exactly be homeless and penniless and all that. However, we're predicting that Clara will stage a fancy come-back in "Call Her Savage."

Little Colleen Moore's party transcended all others for social distinction. She dared to give it on a Saturday afternoon after the matinee and before the evening performance of her stage play, "The Church Mouse." Hence she was a tired little hostess, but bravely beaming as ever. She had opened up her house after her return from the East with her new husband, Al Scott, and wanted to show them both off. Everyone famous in films seemed to be there—and no one wanted to go home. So

Colleen slipped off back to work and left Al to see it through. Lots of people were still there when she got back from the show at midnight. Colleen, you know, won her Metro contract on the strength of her stage work in "A Church Mouse."

Because of the Olympic Games to be held in Los Angeles this year, many stars have decided to spend their vacations at home—so many of them have friends among the contesting athletes for one thing. They won't be able to pry Will Rogers loose from the City of the Angels during this period, he vows. George O'Brien, Lew Ayres, Charlie Farrell, Dick Arlen, Warner Baxter, Gary Cooper, Richard Cortez, Ben Lyon all declare there's no place like home this year.

Ruth Hall wears her new sun-tan top, the 1932 beach costume for browning backs and shoulders as they should be browned.

Claire Windsor, who recently appeared in a stage play here, is seen everywhere with a handsome young Mr. Reade. Claire wears dashing French veils which drop below her chin these days, and is giving Lil Tashman some sartorial competition.

Barbara Stanwyck had ample opportunity to demonstrate her prowess as a fire-fighter during the filming of "Mud Lark." There is one scene in which a wheat field is set on fire. The fire got somewhat out of control, and Barbara grabbed wet sacks and helped put it out. Next day she turned up at the studio with her legs all bandaged from the burns she had received.

"Mud Lark," by the way, seems to be a jinx for Barbara Stanwyck's leading man, George Brent. During the early stages of the picture, a horse he was riding threw him, which resulted in a few days in the hospital. Then, in a fighting scene with Lyle Talbot, Lyle pushed him over a barrel, with disastrous results. And finally, to cap the run of bad luck, he singed all his eyelashes and brows off helping to put out the fire with Barbara.

Wide World

Engaged: Jack Gilbert has announced his engagement to pretty Virginia Bruce, his leading lady in "Downstairs."

Little Gloria Shea will soon be seen with Joe E. Brown in "You Said a Mouthful." Don't get lost in that one, Gloria!

Ann Dvorak, up-and-coming young lady now with Warners, has a novel way of constantly changing her personality. Since starting her career she has played in seven pictures and each time with an entirely different hairdress. She claims she has not found a way to do her hair which completely satisfies her—but secretly we found she wishes to entice the public with a different appearance each time.

Not only that, but we found Ann had another accomplishment. When "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain" was in the making Ann had to sit down at a piano and bang out a jazz number. As there didn't seem to be an appropriate piece handy, young Miss Dvorak proceeded to dash off a very fitting number entitled "Gold Digger Baby"—and can she sing it?

Ethel Barrymore was surrounded by Barrymore males when she stepped off the Chief at Pasadena, en route for Hollywood to appear in talking pictures. For she brought her two sons, Sam and John Colt, with her, and was met at the station by John and Lionel, fond brothers. The plan is that the entire family shall appear in one film.

When someone asked Ethel if she would be nervous appearing on the screen, naughty brother John interposed with, "Not on your life, she'll be found right up in front of us!"

Ethel, however, looks very delicate and frail, and did not leave her drawing-room throughout the entire trip.

So Joseph Schildkraut and Elsie Bartlett have made up for the last time. Joe has now married Mary Mackey, rich American society girl.

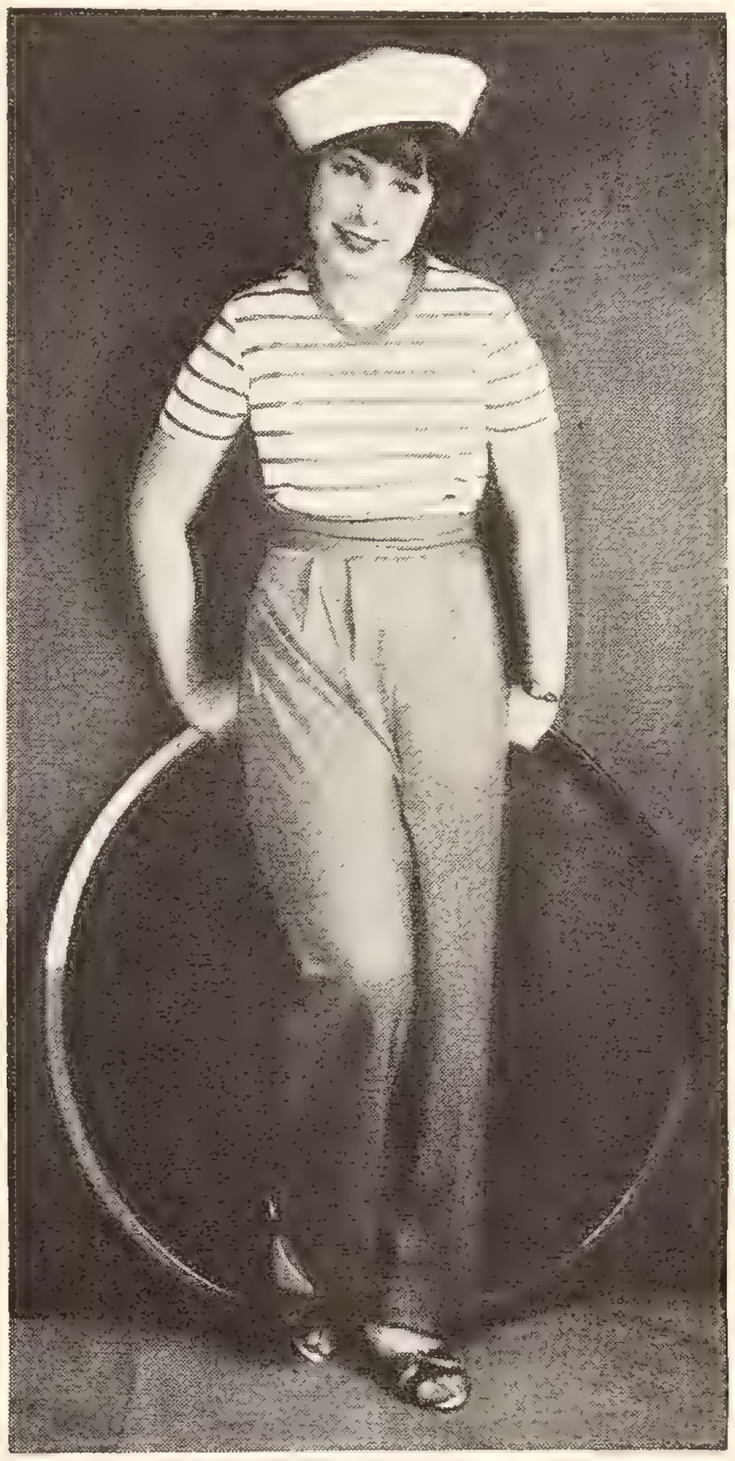
Elsie and Joe were separated and made up again so many times that this marriage came as a sharp surprise to the film colony.

At this writing 'tis said Norma Shearer will do Katherine Cornell's rôle in "The Brownings of Wimpole Street" under the United Artists banner. At the same time Katherine herself is in town doing the stage version and Norma is a constant attendant in the audience.

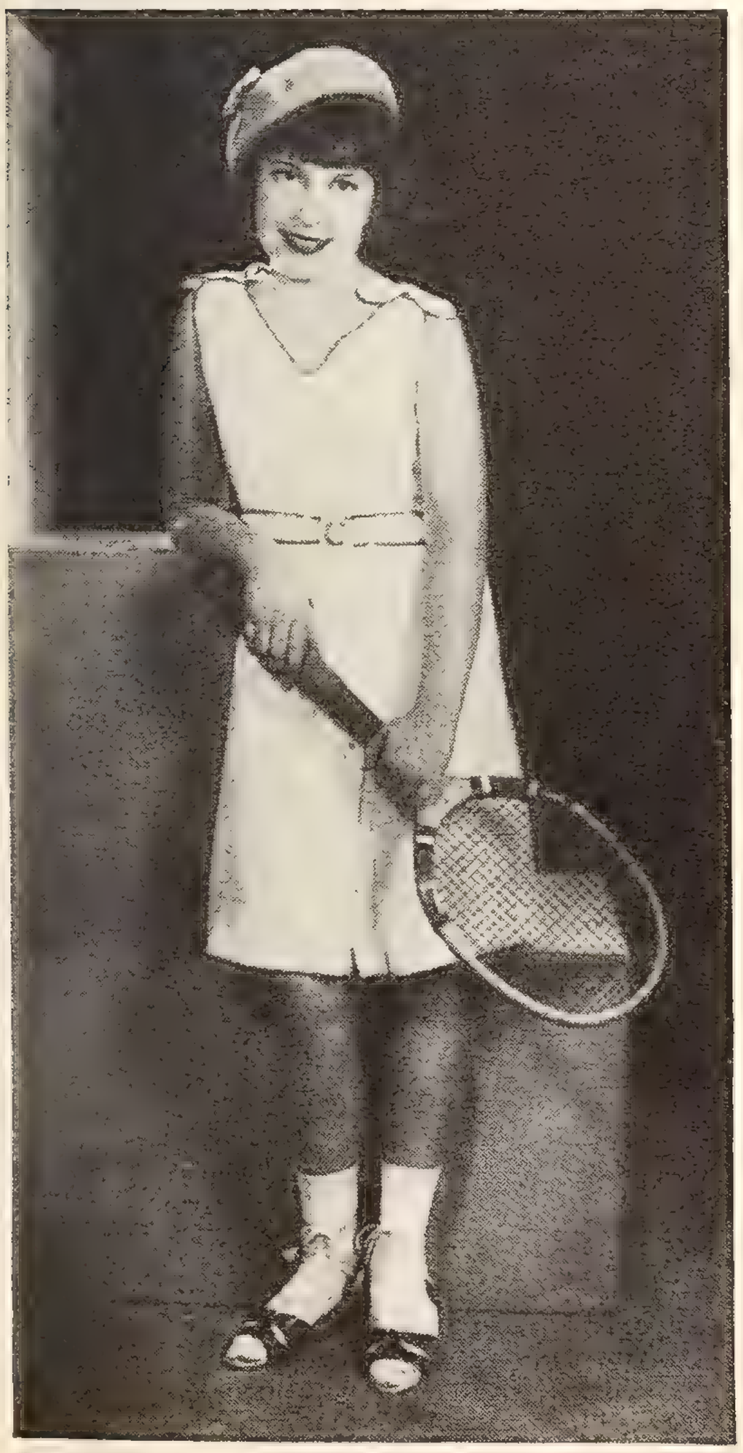
Diane Sinclair, handicapped by being a Philadelphia society girl, nevertheless makes the grade. She is being borrowed by U. A. from M-G-M to play a lead with Eddie Cantor, right after bursting into success with Lionel Barrymore in "Washington Whirlpool." Sammy Goldwyn is all aglow with his new find.

Mitzi Green's a real young lady now, posing for fashion pictures and everything! How do you like her cool-looking afternoon frock of polka-dotted organdie with apron back? The white shoes and socks enhance the warm-weather-relief idea.

Mitzi's Frocks from Altman, N. Y.



Hoop, mon! Mitzi's jaunty play costume for the beach has a sweater top and a rakish-looking sailor hat.



She's a menace at tennis, is Mitzi—in fact, she makes us want to write one of those cute things about "love games."

Although Diane is American she was born in the southern hemisphere and so has many Latin charms to augment the U. S. kind. And she's dark—not another blonde.

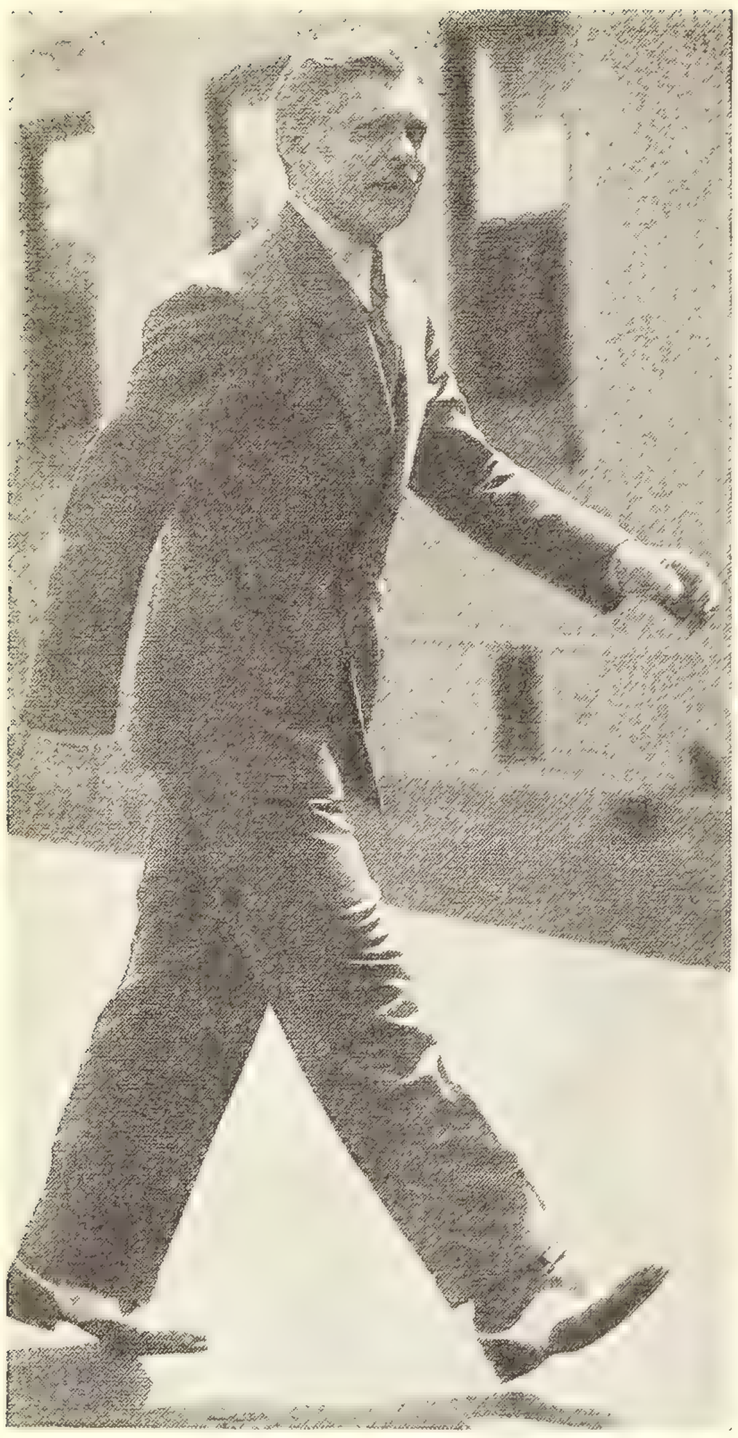
Like Ann Harding and Jeanette Macdonald Diane gained her dramatic experience with the Hedgerow players of Philadelphia.

Jackie Cooper says he is going to get even with Garbo—intends to hide his face next time she comes around!

Harry Holloway was giving a tea for Marguerite Churchill and Anita Louise. Vivienne Osborne, Estelle Taylor, Thelma Todd, Lila Lee, Irene Purcell, Evalyn Knapp, Franklin Pangborn and many others were in attendance. Jan Rubini rendered some delightful numbers on his violin, and Thelma Todd and Estelle Taylor did their best on the rhumba.

Speaking of teas—Hollywood has gone in for a good many of late. What with Harry's and Colleen Moore's and others, it is becoming the popular social event. Mary Pickford accused Hollywood men of becoming quite tea conscious—well, why not?

Gary Cooper, erstwhile Montana cowboy, has quite a cosmopolitan air about him since his return from a six-



Hollywood newlyweds—no wonder their heads are in the clouds! Weldon Heyburn and Greta Nissen, popular players whose marriage you heard about recently, are looking over the situation from their new seaside home.

Look again—yes, it's Clark! The Gable has aged, hasn't he? But it's only for picture purposes. This shot was taken as he left the set of "Strange Interlude," in the latter sequences of which Gable plays a middle-aged man.

month's trip abroad. He took in most of Europe and parts of Africa. It is rumored that he brought back an English valet with him, but he prefers Italian tailors to the British. Hence many suits, ties, dressing gowns, and what have you.

Hedda Hopper is *Pansy Peate's* mother in "Speak Easily," the *Saturday Evening Post* story which Buster Keaton is making. And the naughty girl has a make-up as near like Elsie Janis' late mama as possible.

Doug Fairbanks tells us there is an Englishman living in the island of Papeete whose entire budget is 90 cents a week! And he smokes occasionally, too. Picture shows in Papeete, Doug says, show pictures over three years old. One newsreel he saw depicted the inauguration of President Harding.

Will Rogers wears a powdered wig and knee breeches in one scene of his next picture!

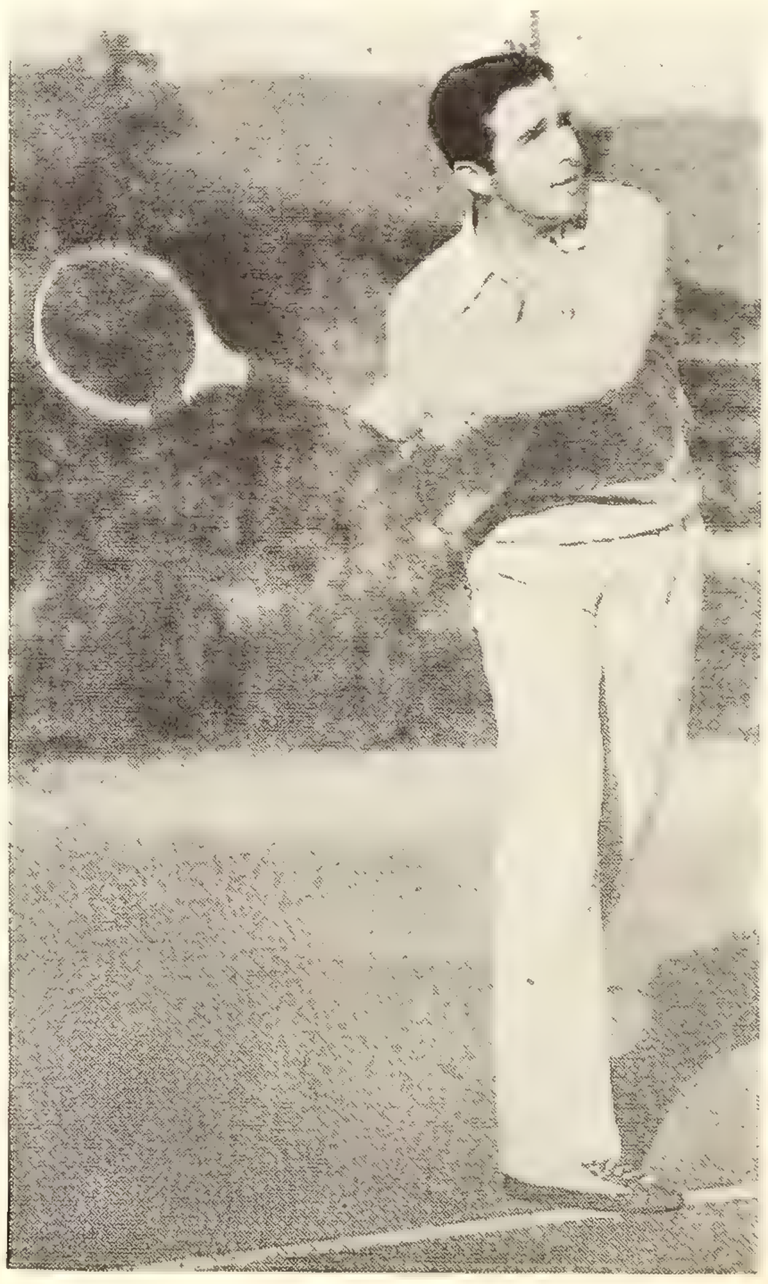
Jack Gilbert has announced he intends to become a director. Why not, since he has already shown us he can be an author?

Miss Maria Sieber, the Dietrich baby, made a formal call on Miss Barbara Lyon, the Bebe Daniels' youngest unmarried daughter. Maria was allowed to hold Barbara all by her very own self, and was in ecstacy.

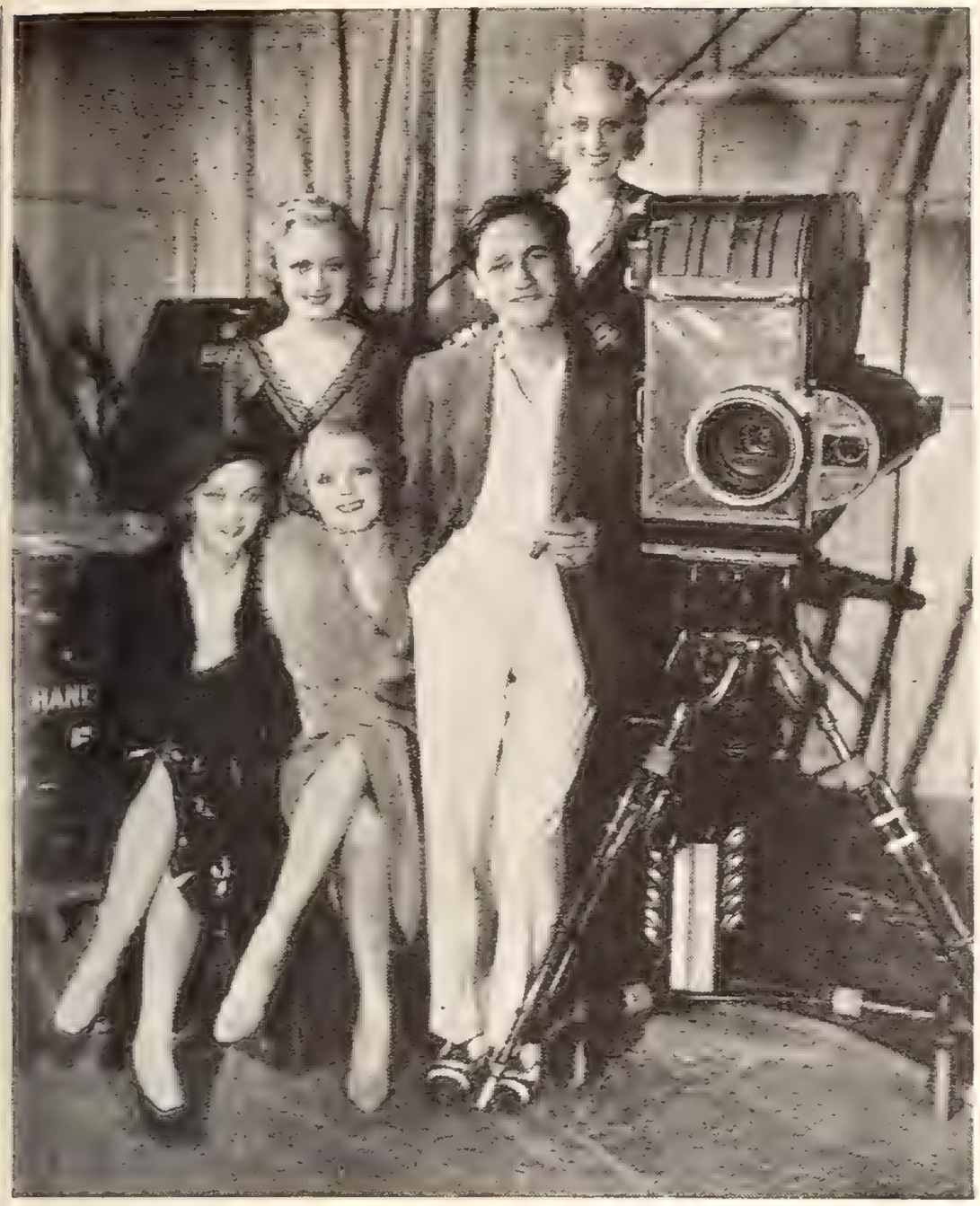
While Chester Morris is working on the "Red-Headed Woman" set at M-G-M, his dad, William Morris, and Buster Collier's dad, William, are both working on the same lot with Lionel Barrymore. These three veterans like to congregate in Chet's dressing room and reminisce, so Chet is getting steeped in memoirs these days.

Dear little Ying Wong, Anna May's sister, is radiant with triumph. While Anna was away on a vaudeville tour, Ying was chosen by W. S. Van Dyke to go on that long, chilly year's trip to the farthermost point in Alaska in the Arctic Circle, to be the leading lady in "Eskimo." And she did it without the aid of any "pull" from sister or anything. This picture is to be an epic of the Far North, and Van Dyke was not only preparing for a year's supplies, planning portable igloos for the cast to live in, studying maps, having the boat overhauled and all the rest of the manifold details of such a trip, but he was trying to pick a cast that could be depended upon to smile in the face of bitter cold and hardships and still remain on speaking terms with one another.

Ying was the very first to be selected—so that is testimony both to her talents and her good temper.



Plenty of steam! John Boles, one of the fastest tennis players in the film colony, gets a real wallop into his forehand drive.



A director's lot is quite a happy one! It is for Mervyn LeRoy, anyway. The scenic embellishments are Sheila Terry, Inez Courtney, Josephine Dunn, and Joan Blondell.

Adrienne Doré goes 100% American in this red, white and blue beach costume. The "slack" trousers are white, the blouse red and white, and the cap blue. And the socks are in all three colors.

Incidentally, Van Dyke is going into this undertaking with no illusions. He knows it's going to be uncomfortable—and he sighs for the lovely home, the garden in full bloom, the servants, and all the other luxuries of life he is leaving behind him.

Anna May Wong returned from a successful vaudeville tour to hear she was first choice for that great rôle of the wife in Pearl Buck's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel, "The Good Earth." If that materializes it will be the greatest rôle of the year, and Anna will swim in envy.

Cecil DeMille is going religious again. He has decided to make "The Sign of the Cross" into a picture, as well as re-vamping "The Ten Commandments" for talkie purposes. Remember, he also made "The King of Kings" and "The Godless Girl." And, except for the last, they were all great financial successes.

Now that Paramount has decided to film "R.U.R.," the robot play, there are some caustic remarks to the effect that it should be easy to cast. You see, the story is all about mechanical men—but it's a thriller, so make no mistake on that score.

Champ swimmer and champ actress. Olive Hatch, world-famous swimmer and 1932 Olympic mermaid, goes in for a swim with Joan Blondell, who used to be aquatic champion of Santa Monica.

Of course they have all kissed and made up again now, but during the three weeks in which Marlene and Josef on the one hand, and the Paramount studio on the other, were issuing snooty ultimata against each other, we must admit that "The Blonde Venus" got some swell publicity.

Are they going to shelve that brain-child of Von Sternberg's, both his and the studio versions, in the cause of peace? They are not. They wouldn't risk missing the stampede to the theatres to see that show, no matter how much whose pride was involved now. No, siree! So they're going ahead full blast, with Herbert Marshall in the male lead.

When Tallulah Bankhead was asked if she was engaged to Joel McCrae, she said,

"How ridiculous! I have only met the man once."

Which is exactly what Constance Bennett said when she first returned from Paris and was asked about Henri, Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye, ere his final split with Gloria. So there you are!

The Truth *about* Cosmetics

Something exciting in the cosmetic field! The Outdoor Girl products, and very good, too. They make two powders that Mary Lee raves about. Read what she says.

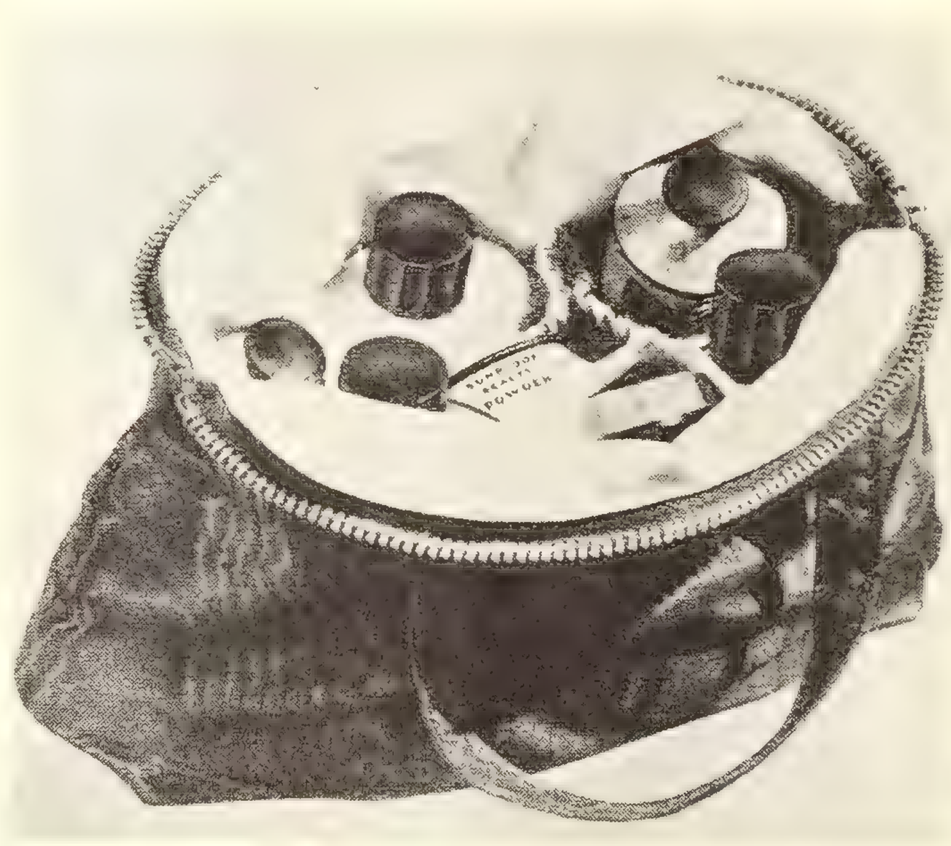
By Mary Lee

EVERYTHING you need for your summer vacation in one bag! This is Helena Rubenstein's contribution to your summer convenience. In a stunning silk moire bag she has put generous sizes of Pasteurized Bleaching Cream, Skin-Toning Lotion, Sun and Windproof Cream, Sunproof Beauty Lotion, Sunproof Powder, Waterproof Rouge, and Sunburn Oil—all for $6. Upon request any one of these items can be changed for her deodorant. And there you are, beautiful and safe no matter what you do or where you go. Rubinstein's waterproof rouge is also salt-water proof, and that's saying a lot. Special directions tell you just how to use the protective aids for best results. It's comforting to know that even while you are dashing to the train or boat you can drop off somewhere and simply say, "I want Helena Rubinstein's Vacation Beauty Kit" and your complexion shopping is done.

Waterproof things are in great vogue this summer. But the new Eye-Teb waterproof mascara is a real protection any time of the year. Just the thing to wear to an Ann Harding picture because you can cry all you please without smearing your eyes or smarting them. And being impervious to tears means that you can swim with Eye-Teb mascara just as safely as you can wear it effectively in the day or evening on dry land. By the way, have you seen the new white raincoats? And that makes us think of umbrellas.

Did you know that freckles are just tiny umbrellas that a sensitive skin opens up to protect the pores from the burning rays of the sun? A make-up foundation will save the necessity of this discoloration of the skin's pigment. Max Factor makes a lovely one that is very popular at the studios. Did you ever stop to think that Max Factor's things are subjected to the "constant" test of professional daily usage? Pretty good test, too.

Tying up with Miss Wilson's "new wrinkle" article elsewhere in this number, I take great pleasure in announcing some new discoveries in this department. Jacquet's make-up cloths, forty in a cellophane package for 50 cents, will delight the woman who just doesn't feel thoroughly clean when she wipes her cold cream off with tissues. You know how it is—you don't like to use a good towel each time—and yet a make-up towel kept around until there isn't a clean spot on it is an unsightly affair. So Jacquet's thoughtful conceit of cutting up the softest of soft terry cloth into small handkerchief squares solves this problem beautifully. They are inexpensive enough to be thrown away after use, but if you insist they can be laundered and *(Continued on page 84)*



Just say, "Helena Rubenstein's Vacation Beauty Kit, please," and your complexion shopping is taken care of.

REVUETTES

Answering your question: "What pictures shall I see?"

Class A:

★ **AS YOU DESIRE ME.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Garbo's last film—maybe! She gives a glamorous performance in a varied rôle which takes her from youth to a world-weary woman with platinum blonde hair. Melvyn Douglas and Erich Von Stroheim are interesting support.*

★ **GRAND HOTEL.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* The film sensation of the year with Garbo topping a knockout cast which includes John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone and Jean Hersholt.

★ **HUDDLE.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Ramon Novarro, as a Latin college boy, scores in this rousing football film. Henry Armetta offers first-rate comedy. Madge Evans is the girl. This is a "Must."*

★ **LETTY LYNTON.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Joan Crawford at her very, very best in this melodrama about a modern maiden who becomes involved with a "baddie," Nils Asther. Robert Montgomery is better than usual; Nils Asther is good, too.*

★ **RESERVED FOR LADIES.** *British-Paramount.* A light and thoroughly charming picture with Leslie Howard giving a grand performance. You'll like Elizabeth Allan and Benita Hume. Don't miss this British picture.*

★ **SCANDAL FOR SALE.** *Universal.* An exciting newspaper yarn exposing yellow journalism. Pat O'Brien, as a reporter, steals the show. Charles Bickford and Rose Hobart offer expert characterizations.

★ **SCARFACE.** *United Artists.* The last and best of all the gangster films. It's terrifying, thrilling! Paul Muni is great; George Raft, Ann Dvorak, and Karen Morley excellent.

★ **STATE'S ATTORNEY.** *RKO.* John Barrymore plays a criminal lawyer brilliantly and Barrymorishly. Helen Twelvetrees gives an admirable performance as his "heart," and Jill Esmond is interesting. Recommended.*

★ **TARZAN THE APE MAN.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* You're sure to enjoy this jungle thriller. Besides, you'll want to see Johnny Weissmuller do some of his splendid swimming. Maureen O'Sullivan is the charmer.

★ **THE CONGRESS DANCES.** *UFA.* Utterly charming foreign picture, English version. You'll be whistling the songs and talking about Lilian Harvey, the heroine. By all means, see it.

★ **THE MIRACLE MAN.** *Paramount.* This one-time silent classic retains most of its glamor in talkies. It's well done and acted by Chester Morris, Sylvia Sidney and John Wray.

★ **THE MOUTHPIECE.** *Warner Brothers.* Dust off that pedestal—you'll rave about Warren William, even though he does play a lawyer who defends bad, bad crooks. It's a good picture. Sidney Fox assists.

★ **THE WET PARADE.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* A melodrama covering both angles of the 18th Amendment. Good work by Walter Huston, Lewis Stone, Neil Hamilton, and Dorothy Jordan.

★ **WINNER TAKE ALL.** *Warner Brothers.* A knockout performance by Jimmy Cagney, who plays a dumb prize-fighter. With Marian Nixon. Don't pass this by.*

★ **YOUNG AMERICA.** *Fox.* A film about so-called "bad boys," and the juvenile courts. You'll like the two youngsters, Tommy Conlon and Raymond Borzage. Spencer Tracy, Ralph Bellamy, Beryl Mercer, and Doris Kenyon are fine.*

Torchy's in trouble again! Ray Cooke is amusing as the movies' star office-boy. This is a scene from his latest educational comedy, "Torchy's Two Toots." You'll like it.

Class B:

AMATEUR DADDY. *Fox.* If you like nice old-fashioned romance—here's your dish! Warner Baxter is made guardian of Marian Nixon and three youngsters. Baxter and Marian are grand together.*

BEHIND THE MASK. *Columbia.* If you like 'em gruesome you'll go for this. Jack Holt is the secret service man hero, Boris Karloff, the menace, and Constance Cummings, the heroine.*

LOVE IS A RACKET. *Warner Brothers.* Columnists, racketeers, stage cuties—and there's even a murder. But still it's only mildly entertaining. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., plays the newspaper man, Ann Dvorak opposite.*

SKY BRIDE. *Paramount.* Thrilling air stunts, corking comedy, Richard Arlen, Jack Oakie, Virginia Bruce, and Bobby Coogan. Of course, see it!*

SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION. *RKO.* The rise of a family from the Ghetto to fame, then their voluntary return to the Ghetto for happiness. Ricardo Cortez is excellent in the rôle of a surgeon. Irene Dunne and Anna Appel are also good.

THE STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE. *Paramount.* A sure-fire tear jerker. Wynne Gibson's splendid acting in this mother-love melodrama puts her right up in the big-time class. Pat O'Brien is good as a bad man.*

THE STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN. *First National.* Swell comedy-drama. Lee Tracy is corking as a newspaper reporter. Ann Dvorak is excellent as a "tinsel girl." See this one.*

THE TENDERFOOT. *First National.* Joe E. Brown's best comedy. Brown comes out of the West with twenty-thousand dollars and a desire to be a theatrical producer. It's hilarious throughout. Ginger Rogers and Lew Cody assist.*

THE TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE. *Fox.* The splendid direction makes this murder-mystery picture a treat. Joan Bennett makes a lovely heroine. ZaSu Pitts and Skeets Gallagher for laughs.*

TRAPEZE. *Harmonie.* This will introduce Anna Sten, whom you'll be seeing in American pictures soon. It's an interesting film with a circus background. A German picture, but the dialogue is translated for you.*

THE WOMAN IN ROOM 13. *Fox.* Elissa Landi's beauty and clever acting make this involved yarn of murder, suicide and blackmail interesting. With Ralph Bellamy and Neil Hamilton.*

TWO SECONDS. *First National.* Depressing melodrama, with Edward G. Robinson playing a riveter who murders his dance-hall wife. Vivienne Osborne does excellent work. Sordid.*

Short Features:

ADMISSION FREE. *Paramount.* Betty Boop, the cartoon cutie, in a penny arcade. A better-than-average cartoon.

CHOO-CHOO. *Hal Roach.* "Our Gang" on a train. The kids let loose a flock of animals in the baggage car and do a lot of other mischievous things. Good for many hearty laughs.

HOLLYWOOD LIGHTS. *Educational.* The adventures of three Hollywood girls in search of a break. They find it after several amusing adventures. Nice work by Rita Flynn, Virginia Brooks, and Tut Mace.

HOLY MEN OF INDIA. *Featurettes.* A trip through India. Scenes of natives gathering for religious celebrations. Ten minutes of fascinating stuff.

LET'S EAT. *Universal.* Oswald, the cartoon hero, baits his hook for fish and ends up by catching a bear. But deer, deer—in fact, a whole herd of them—steal it from him. Fairly funny.

REMEMBER WHEN. *Vitaphone.* Very amusing revival of 20-year-old news-reel flashes such as the women's suffrage parade and the start of the tragic voyage of the Lusitania. You'll enjoy it.

RULE 'EM AND WEEP. *RKO-Pathé.* This is different. Wrong sound effects are introduced. When a horse gallops you hear the sound of an airplane. A stage coach sounds like a locomotive. It's amusing.

TORCHY'S TWO TOOTS. *Educational.* Torchy in trouble as usual. He gets fired—for a few minutes—but does a good deed for his boss and all ends well. Ray Cooke is the amusing *Torchy*.

** Reviewed in this issue.*

★ *These pictures have been selected by Delight Evans as worthy of* SCREENLAND'S *seal of approval.*

Little Girl—Great Big House

Continued from page 24

"I always meet people who *pretend* they're my friends. Their whole basis for friendship being that we went to the same school or that we once met each other years ago, probably quite casually, or for some equally superficial reason. Friendship," she believes, "should be based on mutual respect and affection, and there should be a sincere quality to this affection. I get bored by sham and pretence. And since I'm so busy at the studio that I scarcely have time even to see my real friends, you may be sure that I have no intentions of allowing the others to waste my few leisure hours. In self-defence all my entertaining is done at home, on invitation only."

Having neither false modesty nor false pride Sylvia takes an intense interest in the business of running her home, even to personally supervising the marketing. She loves to browse for meat, canned goods and vegetables, much to the astonishment of the neighborhood kids who worship her from a distance as one does some unattainable but occasionally indulgent goddess.

Sylvia's scorn for superficialities and sham motivated the simplicity which predominates throughout her house. At first glance it does seem rather austere, and there's no question but that it's more sparsely furnished than the average Beverly Hills mansion. She not only eliminated useless nick-nacks, but with startling originality she dared drop all pretence of furnishing her rooms with pieces even remotely dating each other, allowing shining modernity to mingle with the mellow beauty of age. That is, except the bedrooms. "They're French," she said. "But I'm not sure what period. I guess maybe they're a modern French. Anyway I picked the furniture out myself and I like it."

That, briefly, is the manner in which her entire home was furnished. It seems to have been tossed together with a sort of cockeyed ingeniousness. And on the whole, the result is unusual, but after absorbing the atmosphere of the place one discovers that a certain mellowness warms its spacious austerity, and that every stick of furniture, every picture, was purchased for some distinct purpose and lends to the general air of comfort and livableness.

"My own bedroom is the only room where I gave myself *carte blanche* with the frills," she confided rather apologetically; and she showed me through a suite comprised of a large bedroom, an intimate boudoir in which one finds Sarah Bernhardt's dressing table, and a subdued study with a modernistic desk and typewriter. Not to mention an exciting bath. The entire suite is equipped with adequate lounging facilities. "It's fun being sick up here," she sighed. "There's room for so many visitors! Sufficient chairs and couches and plenty of room to roam around in. I almost wish I were sick right now!" And from the look on her face it seemed that nothing in the world would give her so much sheer pleasure!

Two sides of this bedroom suite are flanked by a balcony from which Sylvia, should the mood assail her, could dive down into her swimming pool or pancake flat on the roof of the building housing her playroom.

Keeping up a Beverly Hills establishment equipped with four servants, a swimming pool, and two high-powered cars calls for no little monthly expense, especially when one goes in for lavish entertainment. And when you add up Sylvia's penchant for traveling and clothes you might think her expenditures would strain even a movie star's salary. Briefly, they do. She doesn't save a red cent; and when this writer showed surprise, she retorted: "How much do you think I make a week, anyway? Of course I *try* to save something occasionally, but it never works out. Saving money is nice to talk about, although—well, anyway, I put my money back into circulation, and if more people did that the country would be better off! I'll be making money for a few years yet, and when my earnings decrease, I can always live on a smaller scale." And with that she dismissed the subject.

In spite of Sylvia's highly emotional nature, she takes her material success with a cool, calm, almost stubborn, satisfaction. On the other hand her mother gets pretty excited about it all. When the first set of servants wrecked a brand-new limousine, running off with the household groceries and part of the furniture, Sylvia's mother was the one to get all panicky, while Sylvia herself remained calm and unmoved, leisurely hiring new servants, ordering the limousine repaired, purchasing new furniture and replenishing the larder.

A strange, talented young woman, this Sylvia Sidney, whose personality is as deeply imbedded in the furnishings of her home as it is in her throaty laughter, laughter which starts with an odd, devilish, little grin, hovering for a moment in indecision, as though in doubt as to whether it should develop into laughter or tears—and when it decides on laughter Sylvia becomes as irresistible as a May morning. Then occasionally she'll go moody on you, moody and uncertain and one thinks of a sultry summer's night with heat-lightning and the scent of strange flowers. This element of uncertainty it is that precludes the possibility of your ever being bored by Sylvia or by the house that Sylvia leased!

Now that Jean Harlow has gone red-head, Paulette Goddard is maintaining the platinum blonde standard. You'll see Paulette in Hal Roach comedies.

Garbo "Really Means It," says Vicki Baum

Continued from page 29

if she cannot find it at once she keeps on trying, and will brook no substitutes. Only once during the entire interview was she forced to admit herself baffled—"What is this 'for keeps'?" she asked puzzledly, in reply to a carelessly worded question.

Film stories, it appears, will remain only a part of the busy Miss Baum's activities, and her work in the novel form, in which "Grand Hotel" originally appeared, continues unabated. In little more than a year she has published two novels—"Martin's Summer" and "And Life Goes On," and completed a third, built around Hollywood, which is on the verge of publication. What is more, she expects to have still another completed by the time she reaches Hollywood—and to sandwich in occasional short articles or stories between!

"It is not at all difficult," she naïvely told a slightly flabbergasted interviewer, "though you have to keep at it incessantly if you want to get anywhere. Here in New York, especially, there are so many, many demands on one's time." (As though to punctuate her utterance, the phone rang for the fourth time during the interview.) "People are always wanting to crowd in upon you—to steal little bits of your time that are so precious.

"When working I sometimes dictate to a stenographer; but more often I use this little typewriter—we are such old friends." She indicated a diminutive German-made portable machine, equipped with strange, fascinating gadgets. "But I am quite at home with your American machines, too," she added quickly, with evident eagerness not to slight any product of her newly-chosen land.

Back in Germany, in the pre-"Grand Hotel" era, Miss Baum's days were no less crowded than they are now. Not content with being the editor of three widely-circulated women's magazines (the largest piquantly named "Uhu"), she also wrote novels in her "spare time," to say nothing of rearing her two young sons, Wolfgang, now aged 15, and Peter, now 11. This fairly full program, however, did not baffle the energetic lady one bit. "It is all a matter of organizing your day. In the morning the first task was to get my boys off to the gymnasium—it is what you call a 'prep school' here, I believe—on time. I made it a rule to be up by 7 o'clock, saw that the boys were scrubbed and dressed neatly, had breakfast with them and my husband, and then hustled them off to school. In the summer, before breakfast, we would all go in for a swim off the beach near our house."

Then came the office, and work until six in the evening. And when Vicki Baum says "work" she wishes it understood that she means just that. Editing three magazines is, after all, no child's play; and once she sat down at her desk and began the day's routine nothing was allowed to intervene until the day was over.

"I would reach home by 6:30 to join my family at dinner," she proceeded, "and after dinner and an hour or so of relaxation I would put the boys to bed, reading to them or telling them stories until they fell asleep. That was a pleasure that I could not deny myself, especially when the boys were little.

"By eight o'clock I was ready to begin my writing—and for the rest of the evening, unless there were extremely pressing social engagements, I devoted myself to the part of my day's work that I loved best. Really, it all worked out quite smoothly—the most difficult problem I had to solve was fitting in a session with my hairdresser."

Kappelmeister Lert, Miss Baum's musical husband, remained for a long time calmly unimpressed by her literary achievements. When she first started writing novels he smiled indulgently as at a harmless whim, making no objection but evincing little interest. When her novels were published he could not be bothered to read them, even when they began to attract a degree of notice. Finally, in desperation, she dedicated a novel to him—then he simply *had* to read it!

But now that his wife and her writings are world-famous, with an income in proportion, Herr Lert is ready to concede that the little lady really has something after all!

Stone, the Unstarred Star

Continued from page 25

wood. A keen trader. You've heard of the chap who could have made a fortune if he put his money in Los Angeles real estate before the boom? Stone is that fellow.

Never reads press clipping. A walking library of information and statistics. An omnivorous reader. Knows every book in his tremendous library. Has a way of folding his hands when he chats. Watch it, next time you see him on the screen. Can register more with an eyebrow than most actors can with grimaces. Never blows up in his lines. Needs no rehearsals. Has a patient tolerance for upstart stars and directors. A wealth of ready wit. Nobody can tell a story quite as he can. Was one of the town's most versatile red-paint artists in the good old days of Janhke's Grill and the Bristol Cafe. Can't tolerate embryonic geniuses who whine. No one ever saw him needing a shave. Not even a barber. Regards with utmost suspicion flatterers and back-slappers. Don't ever fidget with the radio dials when he's around. Has a stable of horses and a tanbark arena on his grounds. His daughter, Barbara, his pal on hikes and hunts. Older daughter, Virginia, on New York stage.

The Wallace Beerys among his most frequent house guests. You should hear him tell of his early adventures in the frontier Indian country. And about the time he borrowed the mounted policeman's horse in Chicago. Without telling the policeman about it. A devout lover of good music and good drama, his interest in the theatre has never waned. Yet he harbors no ambition to return to it. Can't stand suspenders and girls who giggle to put periods to their sentences. Likes to climb under his automobile and get dirty. Does his own gardening and runs a tractor to cultivate his truck garden.

Always reads the items at the bottom of the newspaper first. Has the barest of dressing rooms. Indulges in few personal vanities. But succumbs on sight of new pajama tints. Has safety valve temper. Which has spared the life and limb of countless I-remember-you-when hounds in public places. Never wears make-up on the screen. And he's a dutiful husband—he's never late for dinner.

Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Mrs. Le Seuer—or Joan Crawford and her mother. Notice the striking resemblance. Joan is busy at work on "Rain."

How they love in Hollywood

Continued from page 21

the eager stars. Constance is said to prefer Joel above all others—even unto postponing "The Truth About Hollywood" until he was free to work with her. Dolores Del Rio asked for him for "Bird of Paradise." Which reminds me, Joel put it all over the Hawaiian natives with his surf-board riding at Waikiki. The studio reports that this big, blue-eyed, fair-haired young man is scheduled 'way ahead for leading gentleman rôles with exacting charmers.

This new youthful Robert Young, who made his first hit with Helen Hayes in "Madelon Claudet," and then as the nice boy in "The Wet Parade," was especially requested by Margaret Perry for "After All." She simply could not see anyone else in the part.

George Brent is the ladies' pet at First National. He has only been in Hollywood six months, but already Ruth Chatterton, Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Blondell, Loretta Young, Kay Francis, Constance Bennett and Joan Crawford have cast a favorable eye upon him. George is an excellent foil particularly for not-so-young stars, themselves in their early thirties. You can see how unsatisfactory it could be if a lady star of, say, 35, was handicapped with a screen lover who looked a year or two younger. I mean, it simply wouldn't do. But the disadvantage from George's point of view is that he may get stuck in the Clive Brook class, and never rise to personal stardom. That's how good he is as a screen lover.

Of course Leslie Howard was one of the most satisfying leading men who ever struck Hollywood—so gentlemanly, so restrained, so self-possessed, and not too alarmingly young. How the girls envied Ann Harding for capturing this chap! But Leslie turned his back upon Hollywood for a spell—a bit fed up on the second-fiddle job, perhaps. However, Ann has got him back now—and she's going to have a dickens of a job to keep him, for he's an independent cuss and likely to get starred on his own account. When he was in Hollywood before, starry ladies from numerous studios sent out ultimatums like queens—they must have Leslie. But Leslie gracefully lifted his hat and went back to the stage until such time as it suited him to return. He is scheduled to play opposite Ann Harding in the screen version of his play, "The Animal Kingdom."

Melvyn Douglas stands high in the estimation of Gloria Swanson, Claudette Colbert, Lupe Velez, and, failing Leslie Howard, Ann Harding. That's a pretty good variety of girls to stand in with! Spencer Tracy can receive the o.k. of such sufficient damsels as Joan Bennett, Ann Dvorak, Sally Eilers and Doris Kenyon, any time he wants it—in spite of the fact that one wouldn't exactly call Spencer handsome. However, he has shown a vast aptitude for lending to, but never imperilling, a lady star's best scenes in any picture he has played in.

Anita Page is going to wear these earrings when she goes to the 1932 Olympics. Note the Olympic insignia on the earrings.

Chester Morris and Neil Hamilton both enjoy the approval of the glamorful ones. Remember Neil in Norma Shearer's "Strangers May Kiss," his first talkie? Then there were two with Joan Crawford—by request. His latest is with Elissa Landi in "The Woman in Room 13," and he's with Constance Bennett, too, in "The Truth About Hollywood." Chester Morris is said to be Billie Dove's pet leading man—remember what fun they had in "Cock o' the Air"? Now Jean Harlow treats him scandalously in "Red-Headed Woman."

Joan Bennett entirely approves of young Donald Cook in "The Trial of Vivienne Ware" and now he's about to blossom in "After All." He has won consistent approval since he came to Hollywood from the New York stage eighteen months ago, but of course, when he appeared in pictures with male stars such as Arliss in "The Man Who Played God," and John Barrymore in "The Mad Genius," his status wasn't exactly leading-mannish. But watch Donald, the girls are getting interested. One reason for this is that Donald has worked at a wide variety of jobs in his young life, including even selling mincemeat, and subscriptions to magazines, so he sort of knows life and lots of other kinds of girls besides actresses. This helps his love-making psychology no end. This also goes for Neil Hamilton, by the way, who formerly worked in toy and munition factories, and things like that.

In the meantime, Clark Gable remains the incomparable most coveted of them all. Norma Shearer fought for him in "Strange Interlude," which is likely to be the most unusual and talked of picture of the year.

But, of course, after a while, when their success is assured, these delightful second-fiddle fellows are apt to strike for more personal glory, and pull a Harry Bannister on the studio. That's when the real test comes—for curiously enough only a very few good leading men ever prove successful stars.

The Truth about Cosmetics

Continued from page 80

put back into service. It is an undeniable satisfaction to wipe your face with a cloth, isn't it?

Another grand convenience that you won't be able to live without is the new Bauer and Black "Cotton Picker," which is a good-looking box in cool colors, with a hole in the top just large enough to allow you to pull the right amount of cotton through to use for skin tonic, astringent, or eye pads. It is positively surgical in its guaranteed sanitation. No dust can reach your supply of cotton, each bit is fresh as you pull it out. Just the thing for the medicine chest as well as the dressing table.

Something else exciting in the cosmetic field, and by the way, it is something for which I have begged for years, is the new Outdoor Girl powders—one for dry and normal skins and another for oily skins. We certainly owe the Outdoor Girl people a debt of gratitude. All faces cannot use the same sort of powder any more than they can use the same creams or soaps. And now that it is summer and your face may be more oily and shiny than in winter you will be glad to choose the powder made for such a condition. Three cheers for Outdoor Girl, the first to take this practical step in powders.

If you have never tried Ambrosia, the liquid cleanser, why not do it now? It always seemed to me that summer was just the time for Ambrosia, for creams often seem heavy in hot weather. Besides, Ambrosia is more than just a cleanser. It does splendid things to your skin to keep it young and pliable.

If you are one of those people whose nose begins to shine about the time peaches are ripe and keeps on shining until frost, you should trip right out and spend a whole dollar for Elizabeth Arden's Noshine. Apply several drops of Noshine on your nose, powder over it and you are sure of the appearance of your proboscis for several hours, at least. Another preparation for this same purpose at the same price is called "Pour avoir le nez mat" which means literally "for to have the nose dull-finished."

There is a lot of summer comfort packed up in Princess Pat Ice Astringent. It counteracts relaxed pores and keeps your skin fresh-looking when it might otherwise have that wilted look. Princess Pat powder, one of the most expensive powders to make, yet it costs you no more, is a perfect complement to the Ice Astringent. Princess Pat powder is enjoying a well-earned and thoroughly deserved popularity. Princess Pat rouges are made in such soft alluring shades that they seem quite natural when you meet them on your face. They really are lovely. Get the Ice Astringent, the rouge and powder, and you will be glad that Princess Pat makes her things to harmonize.

For your softly feminine chiffon summer dresses, the quaint fragrance of Coty's L'Oriett (carnation) is just the spicy, old-fashioned garden perfume that you need. Quite in the mood and certainly in the mode of the moment.

And to add to your picturesque languidness as you loll in a cool corner, just a touch of Du Barry eye-shadow, Madame. It is housed in a tiny metal container with a slide top that is a real improvement, the best ever. Carry it with you and use it when needed. Now from this longer-than-usual list of articles your summer grooming and assurance of beauty should be simplified beyond all worry and concern. Just a little planning eliminates the bother. That's why I try to do it for you!

Recent photograph by Preston Duncan, Hollywood

"I'M 20"

Jean Harlow

Recent photograph by Russell Ball, Hollywood

"I'M 30"

Viola Dana

Recent photograph by Nickolas Muray, New York

"I'M OVER 40"

Alla Nazimova

Screen stars *keep* the charm of YOUTH

SCREEN STARS know how important it is to *keep* youthful charm. So they begin very early to give their lovely complexions zealous and regular care.

Jean Harlow, delightful young star, says: "I learned Hollywood's secret and started using Lux Toilet Soap my first day in the studio."

Lovelier than ever at 30, Viola Dana says: "Nowadays no woman need worry about growing old. I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly to keep my skin at its very best."

And the glamorous Nazimova, for so long an idol of the stage and screen, can well say: "Very few actresses look their age. Like me, they take care of their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap. It is a marvel, that soap. For years I've used it."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use fragrant Lux Toilet Soap. It is the official soap in all the big film studios. So gentle—so *white* that no other soap can rival it!

LUX TOILET SOAP—10¢

Heartaches of the Million Dollar Stars

Continued from page 27

gentle, easily-wounded girl whom gossips will always try to tear to pieces.

Even Mary Pickford has her troubles. All her life she has worked so hard to be a serious, admirable, dignified person. She has educated herself. For years she has had French tutors; she has studied hard and seriously. The result is that she is as cultivated and high-minded as an ambassador's wife. But all this is colored by brother Jack and sister Lottie Pickford. Jack's marriages and divorces have furnished newspaper copy. The Pickford name, thanks to Mary's great fame, is irresistible. This is terribly hard on Mary, whose life is so *comme il faut*. It is not only because it humiliates her, but because Mary loves these two, and suffers like a mother over their didoes.

About five years ago Conway Tearle was, to the women in America, a Ronald Colman or a Clive Brook. He was the romantic older man—strong, silent, pipe-smoking, his hair greying at the temples; a strong mouth and (as lady fiction writers would put it) eyes that were "whimsical."

A magazine editor once told me to investigate Conway Tearle and write about him because his fascination for women was reputed to be spooky, queer, superhuman.

Well, one day the studio asked Conway Tearle to take a cut in salary. Now when that happens there are two things one can do. Take the cut, or refuse to take it. We have heard stars argue about this interminably. Some argue that to take a cut means the end; they stop putting money in your pictures; they stop giving you publicity; in a subtle way you begin to slip in the opinion of the studios, directors, and yourself.

Conway Tearle refused to take the cut. He guessed wrong. For an entire year he was absolutely ignored by the studios. He now works only occasionally. We hope he makes a big comeback.

And Theda Bara! In all the years that have elapsed since her success, she has been absolutely bedevilled by a desire to get back into the movies again. Day after day she contacts the directors, writers, moving picture magnates, actors, in order to get into a picture again. Her name still has great value. The public is still interested in her. She is still dark, voluptuous, and handsome. Many directors would be glad to put her in a picture. But this is what happens:

At the beginning of her interviews Theda is humble, acquiescent and reasonable; she is offered a part, perhaps a very good part. Then they begin to discuss salary and other matters.

At this point, immediately Theda Bara is changed into the haughtiest of movie queens. Because she is Theda Bara, her salary must be enormous. The picture must be focused on her. And when they show her that this is impossible, she sails out and the episode is closed. Only Theda, the next day, begins again her searching for stardom.

Sometime ago it was arranged for her to play a two weeks' engagement with a Minneapolis stock company. She was to play the modern version of "Camille." She accepted. She was delighted to do it. Everything was arranged. She was to leave Los Angeles for Minneapolis early in November. The stock company sent her a railroad ticket and a compartment. A compartment! Such telegraphings *that* brought on! Such commotion! She must have a drawing-room, so that she could bring her personal maid.

But the stock company refused. The manager had done all he could for her. When he refused, Theda, as usual, became the insulted empress and the whole deal was off. The next day, we suppose, she was meekly looking for work again.

And she does not realize that her acting is a little old-fashioned. She played "Fata Morgana" in a stock company in Oakland. When she appeared on the stage, she postured in the old solemn way that had once made her so impressive as *Cleopatra* and as *Salome*. But times have changed. If she would only permit herself a little practice in second-fiddle parts she would probably be excellent.

Theda Bara is married to Charles Brabin, an excellent director, and she is well off and not in need of new shoes, like so many of us. Nevertheless it is a "sob story"—this passion of hers to act, and her temperament that spoils everything at the last minute. And the funny thing is that this temperament is due to some memory and is not her actual personality at all. Actually, in all other ways, she is a wise, endearing and beautiful woman.

Fifi D'Orsay is the girl who is too much for Hollywood! She is French, born in Montreal, and she got into the movies via the "Greenwich Village Follies." She has talent, vitality, liveliness, a wonderful, tireless bounce. When you visit her house her antics are incessant and very funny. She is on the table, the piano, the bookcases, singing, mimicking, dancing—a continual running clownishness. I have seen Greta Garbo's beautiful slow eyes swivelling around the room at Fifi, in amazement and admiration. But—

Fifi's carryings on are so continual and exaggerated that she is misunderstood. A leading director was very much in love with her, and she with him, in her way. But her antics, according to report, broke up the idyll. It is too bad. She has been advised and scolded by friends. It seems to do no good. A great potential movie star, she is spending her time mostly making personal appearances.

There is Sally O'Neil who, people used to say endearingly, was so happy-go-lucky. She spoiled things by it. Three or four years ago she was 'way up. She was a cute-looking, helter-skelter Irish kid. But she was so irresponsible that she nearly drove the directors crazy. For example, if in a certain scene she was supposed to wear a certain bracelet, she lost the bracelet. When the director asked her where it was, she would reply carelessly, "I don't know." Finally the studio paid a woman fifty dollars a week just to keep the right clothes on Sally and see that she got to the sets.

During one picture the studio promised to buy her anything she wanted if she would only attend to business. When the picture was finished she bought a new Lincoln and charged it to the studio.

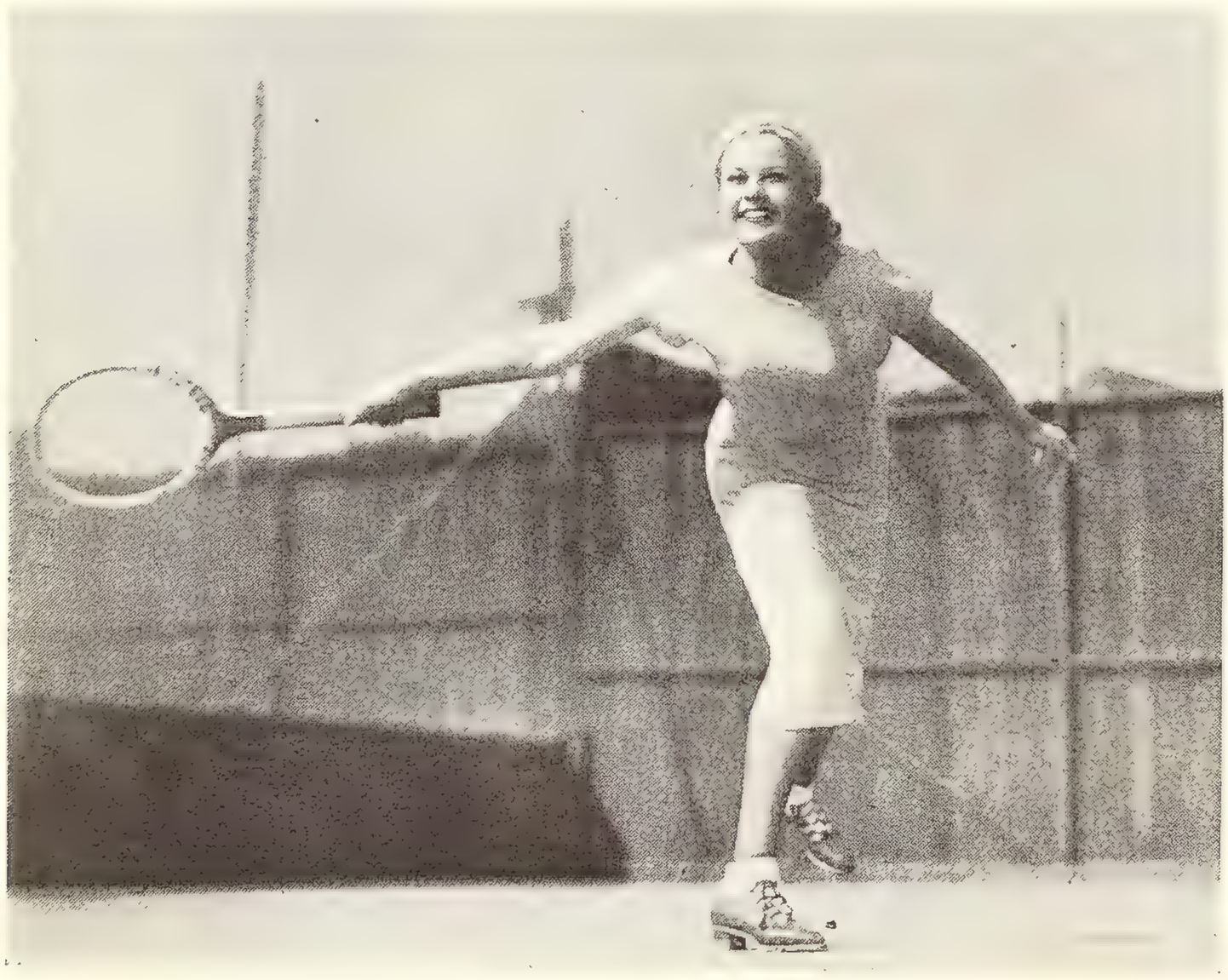
"You promised to give me anything I wanted," she explained in her happy-go-lucky way, when the salesman telephoned the studio to verify the charge. "Well, I thought I'd get a Lincoln."

But her charming ways cost the studio so much money and were so hard to work with, that she was dropped. A funny girl. We have seen her come into the studio: she comes along, mouth open, not looking to the right or left, and shouting "How are ya'? How are ya'?"

Latterly Sally, too, has been trying to come back. Good luck.

Charles Farrell had a contract with Warner Brothers and they gave him unappealing parts, putting him in pictures with Rin-Tin-Tin, and so on. And then Warner Brothers released him. After a spell of no work, Fox finally took him on at a salary of seventy-five dollars a week and his wardrobe.

They made "Seventh Heaven." There was a raging furor of admiration for Charles Farrell throughout the country: a convincing, touching, engaging, debonair



Smack! Joan Marsh exhibits the proper position of the racquet hand for a deadly backhand stroke. Notice the position of that thumb, you tennis fans. Joan is worthy of notice, too!

young actor. The public could not get enough of him. But because his contract read seventy-five dollars a week, that was all he got. And it was a five-year contract. It was only after a long time that this was mended.

Richard Cromwell was a nice-looking, hard-working young man who supported a large fatherless family—a mother and younger brothers and sisters—by making life masks of stars. There was quite a rage for them for a while. Then Stuart Walker met him, and through Walker's influence he was given a test for "Tol'able David." He won the part. At that, the studio made a fanfare for him. He was a find. He was given an imperial triumph—sent to New York with press agents, driven up and down Broadway in a big, shining car with his name plastered all over it. He was given a speech to deliver at the theatre where his picture was showing. Thousands of dollars were spent to establish him as a star.

And after this hurrah-ing he went back to Hollywood to go to work (as he thought), acting for the moving pictures. He moved his little family up from Long Beach, where they had been getting along well enough for years in a small, weather-beaten cottage. He got them a house in Hollywood.

What happened? For six months he had no parts. Then they gave him a rôle in a sea story with Jack Holt. But his career wasn't very flourishing.

However, there is a happy ending to Cromwell's story. Marie Dressler, who is so kind-hearted and has a feeling of responsibility for so many people, gave him a good part in "Emma." Now the public likes him and wants to see him. Studios tend to become more considerate when this happens. And Cromwell is now in demand.

Charlie Chaplin is abroad somewhere—an interesting life, no doubt, paying calls on famous men and potentates—but just the same it is unproductive and forlorn. A talented man must keep working or his graph of importance and self-respect slides down hill rapidly. Perhaps he will never come back to America. Hollywood, which loaded him with so much vexation and sadness, has done this to him.

First there was the death of his child there, a child of his marriage to Mildred Harris. "Little Mouse," he called this child. Some place in Hollywood there is a small tombstone with the inscription on it, "Little Mouse," and no more than that.

Then he married Lita Grey, who was very young and with all the good impulses of the young. But this marriage didn't last. The divorce was as maudlin as such things can be, full of recriminations. Lita Grey Chaplin got eight hundred thousand dollars. Chaplin loves his children—no one has more feeling about children than he; a man with less of it could never have made his pictures.

He came back to Hollywood once to make "City Lights," and his followers were grateful for it; and his new followers, the high-brows, the "Chaplin-the-great-artist-of-the-people" high-brows, applauded it. But it was a silent film, and, strictly speaking, out of date.

And the pathos of Chaplin's career is that it does not end with the poetic sadness of a Chaplin film. In "City Lights" he had no longer his wan emaciation with eyes like burnt holes in a blanket, which could break your heart and make you die laughing at the same time. A thousand soirees under crystal chandeliers, the English tailors, valets, barbers, the sun baths on the Riviera, and prosperous middle age, all showed under his tattered and greasy suit. His last picture?

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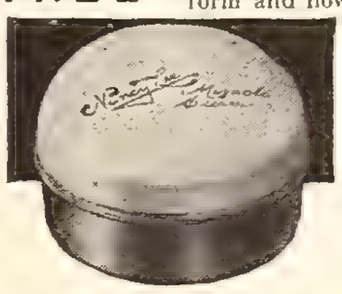

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BELLIN'S Wonderstoen

The Newest Hollywood Thrill

Continued from page 53

you did!' he says. 'Hold out your hand!"

"They used to smack us over the hand with a ruler. It didn't hurt, and the kids never paid much attention to it. But I don't know. Maybe I thought my hand'd had enough punishment for one day, and maybe I was all excited over my first fight. Anyway, I stuck my paw out and when I saw the ruler coming down, I pulled it back again. Well, the teacher got sore. He made a grab and I started to run. Was I a dumbbell!" Johnny paused to chuckle. "I ran all around the room with him chasing after me. When he caught me, he was so sore that he whacked me across the back with that thing. He didn't mean any harm, but he got me in a bad spot, and I went out like a match.

"My brother told my father, and he burned up. He chased down to the school, looking for this teacher. Lucky thing he couldn't find him. Anyway, he took us out of there and put us in another school. That was when I changed from mamma's little angel to a bad boy. No one there to worry about whether you were good or not. Only a lady teacher and she didn't care much. I was twelve then, and I learned fast. Anybody'd swear at me, I'd swear back at 'em. I'd fight anyone—I'd fight the champion of the school." Johnny's eyes were looking backward, and they seemed to be seeing pleasant things.

"Yes, we had a lot of fun. I don't think we were spoiled, but we got pretty much what we wanted. If Pop said no, we'd ask Mom. She was a peach, my mother—looks and everything—slender, red hair—my mother's beautiful." Johnny's voice softened.

"We laugh together now when we get to talking over those days. We tell the old man we're in shape from the lickings he gave us. I remember one Sunday morning—my mother gave me a dollar to buy something. But there was a new Doug Fairbanks picture showing, and I was nuts about Fairbanks.

"So I said to my brother: 'Listen, Pete. I've got a dollar and I'm going to see Doug Fairbanks. If you want to come in on this with me, now's your chance. Because we're going to take a licking when we get home, and a good one. What do you say?'

"Pete said O.K., so we bought some candy and soda. We thought we might as well spend the whole dollar and take what was coming. We sat through the picture three or four times, and it was night before we got home. First thing we saw when we walked into the house was my father sitting there with his head all bandaged up. He went to the ball park looking for us, and a ball caught him smack on the head." Johnny had been controlling his mirth with difficulty during this recital, but now it got the better of him and his shoulders shook.

"Boy, did we get it! We took real punishment that time. Then Pop sent us up to bed. 'Don't give them anything to eat', he told my mother. So we didn't get anything—until about an hour after he was asleep."

It was in Lake Michigan that Johnny first learned to swim. He was standing at the water's edge one day, watching a life guard out among the waves and wondering what kept him up.

"Must have a boat under him," he concluded.

But when someone told him that it was possible to move about in the water as freely as on land under one's own power, the knowledge came to him like a blinding revelation. It excited him so that he couldn't talk or think of anything else. He dreamed of it by night and brooded over it by day.

"I've got to learn to swim like that life guard," he told himself fiercely.

His parents encouraged him. "Maybe the exercise will put some flesh on his bones," they thought.

He bought waterwings and taught himself. He curried favor with the life guards by running their errands, by bringing them bottles of pop and presenting them with his father's best cigars. And in return, they would give him pointers. He swam with his gang, carefully observing the technique of all who were better swimmers than himself. He'd pick out one fellow to beat, and when he had trained himself to the point where he could beat him, he'd pick out another.

Little by little he outstripped them all, and little by little his body began to fill out. His mother would smile when she looked at him and tell him to "go swim some more."

Teaching himself in this way, he learned enough to make the Y.M.C.A. swimming team. He began winning wooden medals, which he gave to the girls. The medals didn't impress his mother. His swimming didn't impress his mother, except as it contributed to his health and strength. It was just one of those things that kids did.

"Won a race today, Mom," he would tell her when he came in for his supper.

"All right," she'd say. "Sit down and eat." Or: "That's nice. What does it make you. You're still Johnny Weissmuller to me."

He was sixteen when, swimming in Lake Michigan one day, he heard someone call to him. Looking up, he beheld Bill Bachrach, famous swimming coach of the Illinois Athletic Club and an unapproachable god to Johnny.

"Come over to the Club tomorrow, kid," the god said carelessly. "I want to watch you swim."

Incapable of speech, Johnny nodded dumbly, and stood knee-deep in water, gazing spellbound after Bill Bachrach's radiant figure until it vanished in the distance.

NEXT MONTH: *How Johnny became champion swimmer of the world, and "Tarzan the Ape Man."*

Madge Evans in a smart summer suit. The jacket is of "Skipper" blue; the skirt is white flannel; and the high-necked blouse is set off with a cowboy kerchief scarf. A blue and white hat tops the outfit.

Women Have Been Kind to Melvyn Douglas

Continued from page 64

Thus was inspired the feeling that was later to lead Melvyn to the heights of motion picture stardom. The adulation that was his during those first early school days instilled in him the wish to do something that would allow him to retain his position of individuality and prominence. It was then that he began to evince an interest in acting—though he didn't call it that at the time.

But whenever he could get some of his feminine playmates to do so, he would plan childish shows in which he portrayed both hero and villain, while the eager females clung about his neck shrieking for him to rescue them from dire peril.

Melvyn's Southern—and feminine—education, as well as his would-be histrionic career were both interrupted precipitately when the elder Douglas resigned his position in Nashville and moved his family to the great open spaces of Nebraska.

For the next few years Melvyn's life adopted a more conventional trend. He entered school in Lincoln, finally graduating from High School there and matriculating in the State University.

However, his college career was not an unqualified success for two reasons. First, because he hated the drudgery of long hours of study—hours which he felt might be so much better employed in pleasure and enjoyment of life. (The typical feminine viewpoint, if we would but admit it!)

Second, because of his anxiety to go on the stage. The ambition which had its inception back in those days when he and the girls of Ward-Belmont staged their childish theatricals had crystallized during the following years. Melvyn had determined to become an actor in earnest.

"My father refused to listen to my hopes and plans," he told me. "There had never been any actors in our family and, with the accepted attitude of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, he felt that it would be disgraceful to have his son go on the stage.

"On the other hand, my mother encouraged my ambition—in secret, of course. She would listen to me recite speeches from Shakespeare's plays and tell me that she *knew* she would be proud of me some day. But she never let my father know that she approved of what he considered my mad dream!"

So, in still another way was Melvyn's life influenced by a woman. Had it not been for that early understanding and encouragement, he might never have had the perseverance to continue his plans for a theatrical career.

During Melvyn's second year in college, when he had just begun to get a taste of real amateur theatricals, the war broke out. Seeing in it an opportunity to escape the restrictions of further college life, he joined the army and was sent to training camp.

Fortunately for his dramatic aspirations, his military career was short lived. Before he had the opportunity to offer his handsome countenance as cannon fodder, peace was declared and young Mr. Douglas was at liberty to pursue his life in civilian channels.

He rejoined his family, who had by this time moved to Chicago, and began in earnest his pursuit of the dramatic muse.

"In the army I had met William Owen, who at that time was a well-known star throughout the middle west. When I decided to take the bull by the horns and get myself a real job on the stage the first thing I did was to look for Bill. He coached me for almost a year, then organized a Shakespearian repertory company in which I toured the middle west for the rest of that season, playing the leads.

"My mother was delighted and as I continued to improve (or so it seemed from the notices I received), she began to win my father's approval for me.

"Next season I made another Shakespearian tour, this time with John Keller. When that ended, I returned to Chicago for a rest.

"While there I conceived the idea of forming my own company, a sort of semi-professional outdoor theatre. However, that did not turn out so successfully. As a result, I decided that acting rather than managing was my forte and returned to the boards.

"For the next few years I played in stock in several small towns of that section of the country, working awfully hard to prepare myself for tackling Broadway soon."

It was here again that a woman played an important part in Melvyn's career. Jessie Bonstelle, whose Detroit stock company has been the training school for many of our best thespians, heard of Melvyn and sent for him to join her troupe. He remained there for two years, after which period he crashed Broadway.

"William A. Brady, who always kept an eye on Miss Bonstelle's company, noticed me and offered me the rôle of *Ace Wilfong* in 'A Free Soul'," said Douglas.

"It was a swell part and gave me every opportunity to show what I could do. It differed from the same rôle in the motion picture which starred Norma Shearer, and in which Clark Gable played my old part. In the stage version, *Ace* was a sympathetic character and won the girl, as he had done in the book.

"However, the play itself was not very successful and closed after a short run."

But Melvyn's feet were firmly planted on the ladder to the stars by that time. All he needed was a few more boosts—which several lovely ladies were instrumental in supplying for him.

Laura Hope Crews had seen him in "A Free Soul" and requested him for her lead in "The Silver Cord." He followed that with the portrayal of the debonair young officer in "The Command to Love," at Mary Nash's command.

Fay Bainter was the next to influence his career, when she secured him for the lead opposite her in "Jealousy." This was the play which set the whole country talking because it utilized only two characters, Miss Bainter and Melvyn Douglas.

"Re-Capture" was his next play and during its run, David Belasco saw him and offered him a contract for the lead in "Tonight or Never."

"He signed me on one condition," Melvyn explained. "Which condition was that I be acceptable to Helen Gahagan, one of his regular stars who had already been assigned the feminine lead.

"Mr. Belasco told me he wanted me for the rôle but that I would first have to meet Miss Gahagan and obtain her permission before the final signing of my contract.

"Those were anxious moments for me as I sat in Belasco's office waiting for Miss Gahagan to arrive. I had heard of her, of course. She had played on Broadway under the Belasco banner for several years and was noted for her beauty as well as for her ability. I was afraid she would be aloof and critical.

"But when she came into the room, my nervousness left me at once. I felt as though we had known each other for many

(Continued on page 91)

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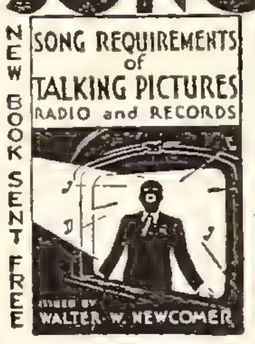

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Radio Royalty

Continued from page 65

recently swelled vaudeville receipts in a desire to glimpse the Boswell Sisters and Alex Gray in an unusual billing. And Baltimore, my brethren, was once known as a poor show town. Yet, it bestows heavy patronage upon the emirs of the ether who bring their talents to the stage. The harmony trio and the baritone, sponsored on the air by cigarette caliphs, alternated appearances in the Maryland city while commuting between broadcasts in New York. And that ain't all, as the mammy singer says. Baltimore was also the scene of the stage debut of Vaughn de Leath, pioneer warbler of radio blues.

Latest of the radio headliners to take to the road are Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, dispensers of nonsense, who sprang from the local renown of Buffalo to coast-to-coast fame. Nothing daunts this pair in their trapping of the grotesque. They make the commonplace seem as spectacular as they make the spectacular seem commonplace. They take a serious item in the news, twist it about in such a fashion as to show it up in all its fundamental ridiculousness. They've clicked on the microphones and no mistake. The result? The talkies are soon to get them, too. Trust the talkies!

Then there's Arthur Tracy, known as the Street Singer—an intriguing billing even if it does reflect the imagination of a studio press agent—whose sudden radio stardom is duplicated in the glow of Broadway lights. To say nothing of the lights in the hinterland.

There is Bing Crosby, of the ho-do-do-do accents, making a clean sweep of every branch of the amusement world in less than a year since he came east to the magic microphone. It pays to be able to sing ho-do-do-do just as it paid Rudy Vallee to sing heigh-ho everybody. Crosby seemed almost a permanent fixture at New York's Paramount, meanwhile crooning on the air for various commercial programs. Came eventually a tour of theatre dates which is taking him all the way to Hollywood where he is to decorate a talkie feature as he has decorated numerous talking shorts over the past year.

There is Crosby's chief radio rival, Russ Columbo, of the la-da-da-da accents, who, too, is combining broadcasting with stage appearances. At present he is weaving hot-chas from a dance band in the lower reaches of Westchester County, permitting patrons of a road house (there are some left) a close inspection of him as he voices Con Conrad's contribution to psychiatry, "You Call It Madness, But I Call It Love."

Vallee has found the stage lucrative, so lucrative that he intends, a spy informs us, to refuse any and all night club enterprises which may beckon him. Broadway revue producers found him a drawing card and Broadway critics found him a pleasingly restrained, if awkward, performer.

There are Ben Bernie, most skillful of the wisecracking jazzbos; and the comedy team, called the Sisters of the Skillet, who expose to ridicule the numerous household advisers that clutter the morning microphones, drawing imposing fees from both the radio and the stage.

There are others able to confine their doubling to short distance sprints from the studio to the theatre. The list includes Cliff Edwards, Jack Benny, Ben Alley, the Landt trio and White, Burns and Allen.

Today, the team of Burns and Allen are probably the foremost symbols of effortless comedy on the radio. They get over by the sheer simplicity and sincerity of their personalities, the freshness and originality of their patter. Their success has led to a general scramble on the part of the broadcasters and their commercial sponsors for entertainers who are or have been conspicuous in the Broadway parade.

There was a time, my comrades, when Broadway and its stars abandoned hope upon entering the radio gates. Or if they didn't, the listeners did. The latter cupped their ears, attracted by the glamour of the names, but they were quick to run, not walk, to the nearest exit once the names began to do their stuff.

Broadway just didn't click on the air. And chiefly because it refused to regard its work seriously. It looked upon radio as a racket. It knew it had the talent. All it wanted was a guest appearance or two to prove it to the people in the parlors. It would knock them off their chairs or know the reason why.

It didn't take the Broadway stars long to know the reason why. They came ill-prepared. They came believing that what was a wow at the Palace must necessarily be a wow in Podunk Center.

They retreated to their old haunts, meanwhile setting to work—the more ambitious of them—to master a technique which had sent obscure figures with no theatrical experience to the dazzling heights of household gods. They seem to have mastered the technique for the radio camps are now filling up with Broadway top shots.

Bend your ears in any direction and what do they catch? They catch the voices of Ed Wynn and Eddie Cantor and George Jessel and Harry Richman and Eddie Dowling and Florenz Ziegfeld, to say nothing of the glamorous names that have been associated with Dr. Ziegfeld's appeals to the tireless business man. They catch, as we've said before, the increasingly inevitable names of Burns and Allen, and Blossom Seeley and Jack Benny and Belle Baker and a host of others.

It all comes down to a matter, so a leading rajah of radio told me, of tempo. They have been trained, these Broadway stars in tempo—the timing of jokes, of laughs, of songs and dances. The radio glorifies tempo. Therefore, it is easy for them to adapt themselves to it.

As the person of talent has ever an advantage over the one devoid of it, you can see for yourself that the Broadway performer, once he's mastered the microphone, is destined to reap the greater and more permanent rewards in the new amusement pastures.

First of the Broadway figures to click in radio was Eddie Cantor, but not until he set earnestly to work, studied the air ways, prepared special material. Others copied his example, went about the task of adapting themselves to the new art. So entered Ed Wynn, at present the most popular comedian on the loudspeakers.

Wynn stayed away from radio until he was sure of himself. And while radio fails to capture the high art of his pantomime, it does convey some of the man's rare madness. He's up to all his old tricks of the theatre, and he has added some new ones appropriate to his present labors. Among the latter is a refreshing kidding of his commercial sponsorship. In short, he makes ballyhoo palatable.

Similarly, radio has given listeners a new Jessel, a new Richman, a new Dowling. You'd scarcely recognize them as the same entertainers who marched so cocksurely to the microphone some months ago. They have learned that comedy without effort, that sincerity and simplicity pay on the air. How they pay!

Now here's an idea! Left, Maureen O'Sullivan's favorite summer sports ensemble—anchor-trimmed sweater and white flannel trousers for yachting. Right, if you prefer it, with a skirt.

Women Have Been Kind to Melvyn Douglas

Continued from page 89

years and I was confident that she would accept me for the rôle."

So acceptable was Melvyn to the lovely Miss Gahagan that during the run of the play, their stage love-making (and there was plenty of it in "Tonight or Never") began to take on a strangely realistic sincerity. Before long, the secret was out and no one was surprised to hear of their marriage, which took place on Melvyn's birthday, Easter Sunday, 1931.

While "Tonight or Never" was enjoying its noteworthy success on Broadway, Gloria Swanson came east and saw it, immediately thereafter purchasing it for her next screen vehicle. And at the same time, she signed the attractive leading man to portray his same rôle in the picture. Thus was Melvyn launched on his film career—with the hand of Miss Swanson at the helm of his craft.

"I liked pictures from the start," he told me. "But I did hate being separated from Helen. We hadn't been married even a year, you know, when I had to go to Hollywood. And her companionship had meant so much to me.

"During all the years that I had knocked about the country, trouping, I hadn't had much time for girls—individually, that is. I knew a lot of the girls in the different companies in which I had played, but working in stock consumes so much time that there aren't many hours left to spend in recreation.

"For that reason, my marriage to Helen brought to me the first real feminine companionship I had known since I was a boy at home with my mother.

"When I finished Swanson's 'Tonight or Never,' Ann Harding wanted me for the lead in 'Prestige.' That kept me in Hollywood even longer. Then, I came east to Helen.

"We had just begun to get acquainted again when Paramount signed me to play opposite Claudette Colbert in 'The Wiser Sex,' and that picture, fortunately, was made in the New York studios."

Upon its completion, Melvyn was rushed back to Hollywood to assume the lead opposite Lupe Velez in "The Broken Wing," after which one of the "plums of the year" fell into his lap.

None other than Miss Greta Garbo selected him for the lead in her latest—and possibly last—picture, "As You Desire Me." Now Garbo, as everyone knows, can have almost any leading man she wishes in her pictures. The fact that she selected Melvyn from among all the likely Lotharios of Hollywood, is just the final proof of that young gentleman's attractiveness to women.

As soon as he completed the Garbo picture, Ann Harding summoned him again to steer her through "Westward Passage," her present production. So, it would seem that during his comparatively short screen career, Melvyn has had more than his share of parts opposite the most glamorous stars of the cinema. Swanson, Harding, Colbert, Velez and even Garbo have been the charmers to whom he has made love before the cameras.

While in real life, Miss Gahagan, his wife, rates second to none in matters of glamour and charm. Above the average height, statuesque, with pale white skin and blue-black hair, Miss Gahagan might serve as model for one of the beautiful Amazons of old. She is attractive to all men—but only one man is attractive to her. Her husband, Melvyn Douglas.

Melvyn's ambition is to continue acting until he has passed the age of popularity with the public, then to turn his talents to directing.

"Helen and I hope some day to have our own theatre, something on the order of the way Alfred Lunt and Lynne Fontanne have the Theatre Guild. Of course, we feel that that day is a long way off. We both hope—and believe—that we have many years of active acting before us.

"Interesting work—a lovely wife—a future which beckons with unlimited possibilities—what more could a man ask from life?"

At the moment, I couldn't think of anything more that Melvyn might need to sweeten his existence. But of one thing I am sure. That whenever he *does* think of something further that he wants, some lovely lady will step forward and arrange matters so that he attains his desire.

They always have!

Why Marion Nixon is Unhappy

Continued from page 63

Hillman, a wealthy Chicago business man, is her second husband. He is a distinct opposite to her first—Joe Benjamin, a prize fighter. That first marriage poured a tremendous portion of hurt into her life. It almost wrecked her career; in fact, it brought about the discontinuance of her Universal contract. Had she not divorced Benjamin, Marian might never have had another opportunity to appear before a camera. Even her divorce made trouble for her, when Benjamin threatened her life and she was forced to ask legal protection against his caveman tactics.

Hillman is trying to make all that up for her, with devotion and gifts and thoughtfulness. He has bestowed on her the beautiful home in which they live, the swimming pool she likes so much, the town car in which she motors, and the furs and jewels that adorn her. In countless ways, he has more than atoned for the sorrows caused by her first husband.

But even an adoring husband cannot give Marian the one big motion picture part that means so much to her happiness. Only Dame Fortune can do that; the same Dame Fortune that threw "Seventh Heaven" to Janet, and "Bad Girl" to Sally, and "Dancing Daughters" to Joan. And until Dame Fortune delivers Marian such a picture, she is destined to remain unhappy, a huge void in her heart.

Now you understand why I declare Miss Nixon is the most fortunate, and the most unfortunate, girl in Hollywood. The success, the multi-millionaire and devoted husband, the luxuries and pleasures, are not sufficient to make her forget the one big factor that is so vital to her happiness.

I am positive that the wish for a big part is greater in Marian's heart today than her desire for babies, but I know for a surety that she wants children. She loves them, and she showers gifts and adoration upon her tiny niece.

I think it would be nice if grandmother Marian Nixon Hillman, fifty years from today, could lift her chin and smile, and unearth her old scrapbooks and say—oh, ever so happily—to her grandchildren, "Back in 1932, when I was the star of . . ."!

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See Red with Jean Harlow

Continued from page 60

They let Chester be a real man's man, by gosh! Chester has one scene with Jean in a telephone booth—the smallest set for a love scene ever devised. Whoopee! They had to shoot it twenty-six times—after which the developing room sagaciously remarked that every darned one of them was extraordinarily convincing!

We don't like to put ideas into people's heads, but one just can't help wondering how much of that sequence will remain intact after it has been exposed to the purifying gazes of the various censors.

Lewis Stone is Chester's smooth wise old father, who does a little suave menacing later on. Henry Stevenson, British actor imported from New York for this, his first talkie, plays the millionaire with a taste for red-headed minxes—and is having a most satisfying time of it. He, too, rates a love scene with the new Jean.

Una Merkel as the beauty-parlor roommate of Jean, is having plenty of opportunity to reveal all her talented comedy, tough, cynical, but awed by her chum's effrontery and outrageous success in getting everything she goes after. Leila Hyams as the gracious, poised, affronted but undefeated wife is winning plenty of eulogy, too.

At that fatal party, Jean wears a staggering gown of silver, which weighs pounds and pounds. She dare not sit down in it, so they have erected a sort of ironing board with a little shelf against which she can rest standing up between scenes. Rest? Jean looks utterly exhausted at the end of that scene—but it's triumphant exhaustion!

O. K. R. C.—R. C. O. K.

Continued from page 57

Flood it out! Silk it! Number three! Catch the end of that nigger and flood it out on the door! Tie it there! Bring a baby here! Spread it! Better use an oil! Tie it off! Kill number four! That'll do! Save 'em!"

The lights fade, leaving the set in a kind of grey twilight. The men on the parallels above who have received and executed those strange orders are electricians known more familiarly in Hollywood as "juicers."

Once the lights are set for a scene under the guidance of the "gaffer" and with the approval of the chief cameraman, a "juicer" is free to watch the actual making of the picture below him. He does all his work between scenes. During the time the players are actually working the "juicer" sits, aloft and aloof, forming those opinions about people and pictures which he may never have a chance to express.

Barbara Stanwyck once pointed unexpectedly to the "juicers' row" above her set and said:

"Those men up there—some of them know more about making pictures than some of those in front offices do. They know what's what. If you can satisfy them—you're a success."

But mostly these men suffer or applaud in silence. A star or a director may, on occasion, ask the opinion of a script clerk, a hair dresser or a "stand-in" about a scene, but there is no record of anyone ever having suspected that a "juicer" might have an opinion at all. In the rush and bustle of production the quiet men above the sets are apt to be forgotten entirely.

George is a "juicer." He's juiced for two of Miss Chatterton's pictures and he has ideas.

"From up here," says George, "everybody is the same size. I mean the star doesn't look any more important than anybody else. Of course they get more light and the best spot. They all have peculiarities. Now Miss Chatterton down there has a funny tilt to her nose. You know it? Sure, everybody knows it."

"Yes?"

"Well," depreciatingly, "we could iron it out. Yeah! Put light enough on her from the right direction and it would straighten right out. Kill the shadows, see? But she won't have it. No, sir. In her first picture here they started to do that until she saw the rushes. She wouldn't have it. That tilt's her stock in trade like—like Arliss' monocle or Bill Powell's high collars or Barrymore's profile. We had to quit ironing it out.

"She's wise. She's high and mighty on the outside, maybe, but she's a trouper in here. She works. None of the boys here thinks she's ritzy. Look at her now. She's talking to the still cameraman and the property boy. Ed doesn't even take that cigar out of his mouth, see. He ought to do that, though. But he doesn't know any better—and Chatterton won't let on. Not her. She's smart. He's working hard for her, see, and she appreciates it.

"She chews gum. She chews a lot of it. Maybe she doesn't chew it when she's a grand dame on the outside but in here she's herself. She chews and I'll bet she enjoys it.

"You see that brown case down there, on that low parallel? If you look close you'll see there's just two initials on it. On the top of it. It says 'R.C.'

"Them's royal initials on this set. Man, oh man! You know how the kings and queens marked everything 'R.I.' or something? Well 'R.C.' means just as much around here. When she initials anything 'R.C.' it stays initialed! She's sure of herself, all right. When she approves of anything, a change in script, a new dress, a set design or anything else she just writes 'O.K.R.C.' on it. I guess that carries weight with the front office.

From the shadows of the stage roof George watched the making of a short scene, a scene in which Miss Chatterton, seated at a cheap boarding-house table, merely registered her lack of interest in a story another woman boarder was telling. Director Dieterle, his loose white gloves looking like cotton mittens from that height, waved his approval.

"Thanks," he called. "Now we make ready for a closeup of the same scene."

"From up here," George confided, "we can tell the minute a new player steps into a scene whether they're a bet or not. A real trooper looks the part from all directions, even from above. But a young player, or one who won't ever quite make the grade, shows up from here like nobody's business. They turn the good side to the camera and let go in every other direction. They put up a front as best they can but the back and the side and the top view ain't so impressive.

"But you just watch Chatterton. She's an actress from all directions—including up."

George's name really isn't George. And all of these observations weren't made in the course of any one hour on the Chatterton set. Week after week, during production, "George" has sat silently above Ruth Chatterton, cataloguing her in his mind. He has sat that way and thought like that through an untold number of productions. He is one of "those men up there" who know a lot about motion pictures.

If you want a story about Chatterton during the making of one of her pictures you had better let "George" do it. He takes those royal initials that means so much on the Warner lot—"O.K.R.C."—and turns them around.

He says it should read "R.C.O.K." That's a "juicer's" opinion of Ruth Chatterton.

The girl is Myrna Loy—the frock is of black and white printed chiffon, the hat is of black straw. And this is how Myrna appears in "Love Me Tonight."

Herbert Brenon's Beach Party

Continued from page 10

large claws like the eastern lobster and is milder in flavor. It is found from Santa Barbara, California, south, from October to March.

SAUSAGE AND FRIED PINEAPPLE

Mould flat sausage cakes ½ inch thick. Cook cakes until brown on both sides in a heavy, uncovered skillet. Drain cakes on absorbent paper and keep warm in oven. Cook slices of pineapple quickly in the sausage fat, drain, and arrange on large platter with the sausage.

Linked sausage can be cooked and served the same way.

STUFFED RIB CHOPS WITH APPLES

6 rib pork chops 1½ inch thick
1 cup fine dry bread crumbs
¼ cup chopped celery
1 tbs. butter
1 tbs. minced onion
1 tbs. chopped parsley
¼ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. savory seasoning
dash of pepper
⅛ tsp. celery seed
3 tart red apples

In stuffing—cook celery, onion and parsley in butter for a few minutes. Add bread crumbs and seasonings and stir until well mixed. Wipe chops with damp cloth. Cut pocket in each chop from top. Sprinkle chops with salt and pepper; rub lightly with flour. Sear meat in heavy, hot skillet, turning fat edges down at first and then browning both sides. Fill each chop with stuffing, skewering edges together with toothpicks. Lay stuffed chops on rack in baking dish with cover. Place ½ apple, cored but not pared, on top of each chop. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Lift chops and apples together from oven to hot platter and remove toothpick skewers. Garnish with parsley before serving.

OPEN TOMATO SANDWICH

Place a thin slice of firm tomato on a slice of white or whole wheat bread. If desired, the sandwiches can be rounded, slightly larger than the tomato slices. Sprinkle with salt and place a small mound of mayonnaise in the center. A stuffed olive in the center adds to the attractive appearance of this sandwich.

OPEN COTTAGE-CHEESE SANDWICH

Spread cottage cheese around the outer edge of raisin-nut bread, buttering beforehand. Fill center with preserves or jelly. A sprig of parsley stuck in center of each sandwich is very effective.

Being an Irishman, Brenon approves of the St. Patrick Sandwich, which is made as follows:

Cut thin slices of bread and spread with creamed butter and seasoned split-pea pulp. Cut thin slices of cheese the same size as the bread. Stamp out a shamrock from the center with a cooky cutter and place the cheese on top of the bread and pea pulp. Th green pulp shows through the cut in the shape of a shamrock.

With a menu of heavy meat and fish dishes, Herbert Brenon always prefers a light salad. He is very fond of one combining very thin slices of cucumber, chopped endive and watercress, stirred lightly with a small quantity of French dressing and heaped on crisp lettuce leaves.

A dish of freshly popped corn is a tea delight at Peter Pan Cottage. One little secret changes it from simply a bowl of popcorn to something to delight any epicure.

"We always use a heavy skillet with a top for corn popping," Brenon said. "This is heated very hot and several tablespoons of butter added. When it is melted, the corn is put in. In this way the butter completely saturates the corn during the popping process. It is delicious."

Beaton Shoots the 1932 Stars

Continued from page 34

New York, London, or Paris, unless you're on the go every minute you feel you're missing something.

"My impressions of the Hollywood stars? Well, I'm one of the millions who've never met Garbo, nevertheless I think she and Tallulah Bankhead are the only real personalities out there. The other actors suffer terrifically in comparison. Garbo, of course, stands alone—there's nobody like her. But Tallulah Bankhead is an amazing personality, too. It's too bad Hollywood hasn't discovered her really great glamor.

"Dolores Del Rio is like a very expensive doll with lovely skin and beautiful eyes. Jackie Cooper? What can one say about little Jackie? Let's talk about his mother instead. Oh, I know, just say he's a nice tot with a sweet disposition."

Beaton is an interesting pen-and-ink artist, and has used his talents to record his impressions of Hollywood notables. These impressions, as you might expect on the part of so unusual a personality, do not always agree with the popular verdict. For example, he was exhibiting a charming sketch he had made of one of the screen's most sophisticated yet popular actresses. "Here's a drawing I made of that creature," was his comment on that one, as he tossed it across the room. He's an original.

Then we fell to discussing the merits of one of the high-ranking character actors who is commonly said to have walked away with the acting honors in one of the year's biggest pictures. "Oh, yes," Cecil drawled, "I saw a pre-view of the picture, and I think he gave a perfectly 'louse-worthy' performance!

"Marlene Dietrich is like a little girl dressed up as a woman. It's a pity her child-like quality doesn't get over on the screen. As a person she is very seductive, gay—and like a giggling girl. But if they keep putting her in the same type of rôle she's in danger of becoming a monotonous movie vampire.

"I think Gwili Andre is almost perfection. Her beauty is flawless. She's delicate and flower-like. I don't know how good an actress she is—I've never seen her on the screen—but I feel quite sure she is big-time material. Sylvia Sidney has an amusing, saucy face, don't you think?

"You know, Joan Crawford has made the most remarkable change of anyone out there. In my three years of pilgrimages to Hollywood it has been very interesting to see Joan become a poised, sophisticated woman of the world."

If Mr. Beaton's acting ability is as great as his photographic ability then prepare to welcome another Leslie Howard! It sounds extravagant, but Beaton has a grand British voice, biting wit, and is ultra-sophisticated. Then why not?

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Ask Me!—by Miss Vee Dee

Continued from page 6

thetic one. Walter Byron was born June 11, 1902, in Leicester, England. He has dark blue eyes, brown hair, is 6 feet tall and weighs 163 pounds. His first American screen appearance was with Vilma Banky in "The Awakening." Later pictures were "The Yellow Ticket" with Elissa Landi and Lionel Barrymore; "Shop Angel" with Marion Shilling and Anthony Bushell, and "Vanity Fair" with Myrna Loy, Barbara Kent and Conway Tearle.

J. J. W. You'd like my job, would you? I didn't win it through a "200-words-no-less" contest but by sheer, and how sheer, force of personality, no more, no less. Lois Moran was born March 1, 1909; Madge Evans, August 1, 1909; Marian Marsh in 1913; Marilyn Miller, September 1, 1900; Loretta Young, January 6, 1912, and Jean Harlow, March 3, 1911.

Varconi Fan. Of course I'm a good sport—you lean on me—I'll not let you down. Victor Varconi is an actor of wide experience on both stage and screen, having had many years of European stage popularity. He was born March 31, 1896, in Kisvard, Hungary. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 180 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. His last films were "Men in Her Life" with Lois Moran and Charles Bickford, and "West of Broadway" with John Gilbert.

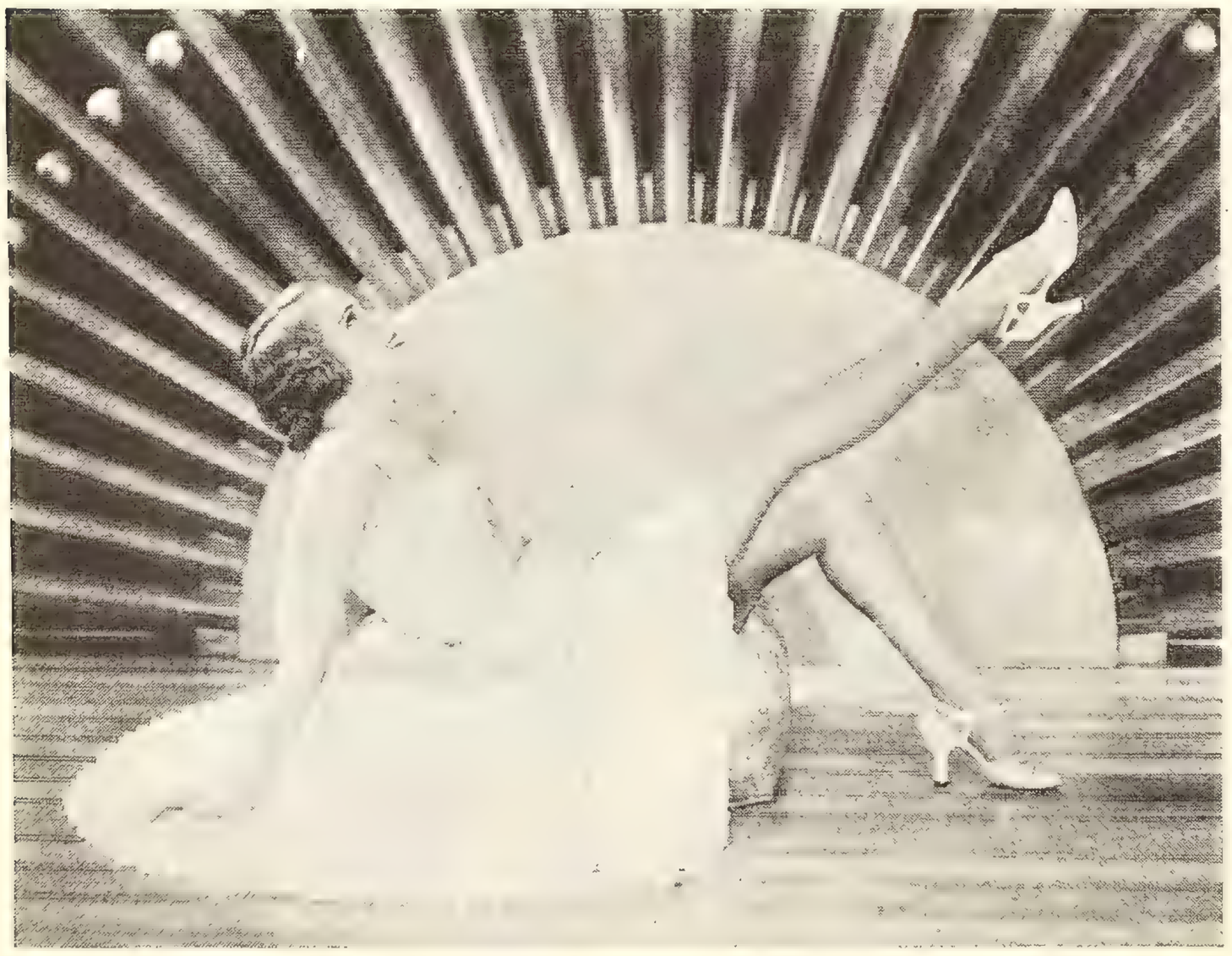
John L. Who said the hard-ridin' boys in Westerns have gone out of business? There's Tom Mix and Tony, Ken Maynard, Hoot Gibson, Bob Custer, Bob Steele, Tom Keene, and your favorite, Tom Tyler. Tom was born August 8, 1903, in Port Henry, N. Y. Two of his latest releases are "Galloping Thru" and "Two-Fisted Justice," By the time you read this, "The Man From New Mexico," Tom's new one, will be released.

Mildred W. "Peter Pan" has not appeared as a talkie. Betty Bronson was *Peter* in the silent screen version. Playing with her were Mary Brian and Esther Ralston. Lily Damita, Roland Young, Charlie Ruggles, Thelma Todd, and Cary Grant are in "This is The Night," a sparkling comedy—and does it sparkle? Lily was born in Paris, France, on September 10, 1904.

Midgie. In writing to the stars, tell them in your own original way how much you like their work, but it isn't necessary to enclose clippings from your home-town papers. Make your letter short and to the point, if you have any. Many times a photograph is the result, unsolicited. Fredric March has stepped high, wide, and handsome since he appeared in "The Wild Party" with Clara Bow. One of his late releases was "Strangers in Love," from the story, "The Black Robe." He played twin brothers. Kay Francis was the girl, and Stuart Erwin gets and gives some swell laughs.

Doreen R. If you find it difficult to remember the weights of your favorites, what would you do in my place, with hundreds of pounds to remember? Joan Crawford is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds; Thelma Todd, 5 feet 4 inches, weight, 120 pounds; and Anita Page is 5 feet 2 inches tall and tips the scales at 118 pounds.

Enid P. Many of our old favorites who appeared in the brilliant tungstens a few years ago are now bravely waiting and hoping for a come-back. Good luck, old timers! Charles Ray and May McAvoy played in "The Fire Brigade"; Elinor Fair and Bill Boyd in "The Yankee Clipper," and Colleen Moore and Tully Marshall in "Twinkle Toes."



Lovely Gloria Shea, a new Warner acquisition for pictures. Gloria is already known for her radio work—as Olive Shea.

Bubbles. Nancy Carroll's latest releases are "Broken Lullaby" with Phillips Holmes and Lionel Barrymore, and "Wayward" with Richard Arlen. Nancy is 25 years old, has red hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 119 pounds. She was divorced from her first husband, Jack Kirkland. Bolton Mallory is husband number two. Colleen Moore is back in Hollywood after a two year vacation. She has the approval of her new husband, Al Scott, to make a film come-back. Metro has signed her to a long-term contract.

Loraine T. Anita Page is a very busy girl but she might find time to reply to a cleverly written letter from you. Go ahead. Anita is 21 years old and not married. I warn you, take a supply of "hankies" when you see her in her latest release, "Night Court," with Phillips Holmes, Walter Huston and Noel Francis. Walter is the "old meanie" and Noel helps to make life miserable for Anita. Ramon Novarro's next picture is "Huddle."

Mary C. Barry Norton has been making foreign versions of several of the popular American films; his last English spoken picture was "Dishonored" with Marlene Dietrich. Barry was born June 16, 1905, in Buenos Aires, Argentine. His real name is Alfredo de Biraben.

Mrs. E. S. T. With all the world crying for musical pictures again, the producers must hear the cry and produce. But there is only *one* "Desert Song," *one* "Love Parade" so it's up to some musical wizard to come forth with something just as good. Carlotta King, who played with John Boles in "The Desert Song," was not signed for another picture, but John has gone on his way merrily from one film to another: "Seed" with Lois Wilson, "Careless Lady" with Joan Bennett, and his next is "Back Street" with Irene Dunne.

Ella May H. I can't guarantee that my column will cure love affairs, runs-in-the-stockings, that tired feeling or what-have-you but if you get out of it as much as I put into it, I'll be happy. Richard Arlen is 32 years old; Nick Stuart is 26; Ralph Bellamy is 28; Robert Young, who is one of the newcomers who will bear watching, is 25, and Charles (Buddy) Rogers is 26. Buddy is one of the head-liners in the New York Ziegfeld show, "Hot-Cha!"

Mrs. R. E. A. You say that everything is looking up—but looking up what? The late Lon Chaney, and Anita Page were in "While the City Sleeps." Ramon Novarro, Ralph Graves, and Anita Page appeared in "The Flying Fleet" and John Miljan played in "The Terror." Cary Grant, the new femme rave, was the handsome chap who sang so delightfully in "This is The Night" with Lily Damita, Charlie Ruggles, and Roland Young. Cary was born in Bristol, England. He has black wavy hair, dark brown eyes, is 6 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 172 pounds.

Mary R. N. John Boles started on his picture career when he appeared with Gloria Swanson as her leading man in "Loves of Sunya." Among his other early films were "Bride of the Night," "Shepherd of the Hills," "Bride of the Colorado," "What Holds Men," "We Americans" and "The Last Warning."

(Continued on page 96)

The Gleasons' Ranch Picnic

Continued from page 11

Jimmy should take care of in town, he will put it off and off, explaining that he will have to be leaving for New York to make "Madison Square Garden" soon and he ought to enjoy the outdoor life of the ranch as much as possible.

An added feature of the ranch life is that it would cost $500 to install a telephone at the ranch, so none has been installed, which means a form of release to telephone-harried people.

Audrey Scott, famous horsewoman and film performer, is Gleason's partner in the ranch venture. They hope to make the ranch a profitable undertaking by opening their pasture lands and stables to owners of horses who do not have the facilities themselves.

The chocolate cake that won as many converts as the ranch view is prepared by Mrs. Gleason as follows:

¼ cup shortening
2 squares chocolate
½ cup milk
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
2 eggs
¾ cup sugar
1½ cups flour

Cream shortening with sugar. Add melted chocolate, beaten eggs, milk, and flour sifted with baking powder and salt. Bake in two layers in a moderate oven for forty minutes.

For frosting and filling, melt 3 squares of unsweetened chocolate in a double boiler. Add 1⅓ cups of condensed milk. Stir over boiling water five minutes until it thickens. Add one tablespoon water. Cool cake before spreading on icing. If a bitter-sweet icing is desired, use four squares of chocolate.

Mrs. Gleason suggests, as a variation in the chocolate icing, adding three drops of peppermint oil instead of the one tablespoon of water.

For the cocoanut cream cake, Mrs. Gleason uses this old, time-tried recipe:

2 cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
⅔ cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
3 eggs, well beaten
6 tablespoons milk

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs and beat well. Add flour, alternating with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Bake in a greased tin in a moderate oven about 25 or 30 minutes.

For the frosting, stir together ½ cup condensed milk and 1 cup shredded or moist cocoanut. Add gradually 2½ cups confectioner's sugar and 2 teaspoons vanilla. Beat until smooth and creamy. Allow cake to cool before adding frosting. Sprinkle heavily with cocoanut.

When two cakes of this type are used for a picnic, the rest of the menu can be reduced to an extremely simple one, Mrs. Gleason explains. Chocolate and cocoanut are both nourishing, and to balance the lunch all that is required are extremely thin butter sandwiches of wholewheat, Russian rye, and French bread, served with finely cut-up vegetable salad, coffee and lemonade.

Another dessert which has never failed to be popular at picnic parties, Mrs. Gleason has found, uses day-old white bread as its foundation.

Cut slices of bread ¾ inches thick. Trim off crusts and cut each slice into strips ¾ inches wide by 2 inches long. Spread strips on all sides with cream or condensed milk and roll in dry shredded cocoanut, broken fine. Place in pan and brown carefully under low gas flame, or toast on a fork over coals.

"These little cakes can be made over a campfire individually as desired and are perfectly delicious, either warm or cold."

You-all Know Her, Suah 'Nough!

Continued from page 68

Una met Jean Harlow for the first time on the "Red-Headed Woman" set and thinks she is so nice and sweet, and not anything like the nasty, horrid parts she has to play.

Una, herself, is a cute blonde, hailing originally from Covington, Kentucky. She still retains just enough of her southern accent to be tantalizing. She is very natural and easy to get along with.

"I can't understand why people insist upon considering us picture people as different. We have to live our lives just as anyone else. Acting is a job like any other.

Una is very fortunate in that she is among the Hollywoodians who can boast a happy and congenial home. Her own mother and father were married very young and she has grown up with them on a companionship basis. She and her new husband, Ronald Burla, live with her parents, and feel it their duty to look after their every care and want.

Young Burla is the son of the former Senator Burla of Montana. Although he is an aeronautical engineer by profession, he seems to find the yacht brokerage business more fascinating for the time being. However, he seems to have the Una Merkel situation well in hand.

Ringing the Bellamy!

Continued from page 61

than it is at present. He wants to be in on all this progression and take an active part in it.

Just at present he is trying to convince Fox that the book "The Informer" would make a corking picture if properly handled. Also he sees the possibilities in a picture dealing with the life of Clarence Darrow, whom he knows personally.

Ralph married the delightful New York stage actress, Catherine Willard, last July. She is not in pictures herself but is just now considering returning for a stage production in New York next fall. As they are finding life in Hollywood so interesting Catherine might have some difficulty in making up her mind—especially as it would in all probability mean leaving her fond husband to ward off the dangers of Hollywood alone.

At all events Hollywood would miss either of them should they decide to leave.

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Ask Me!

Continued from page 94

John was born October 27, 1899, in Greenville, Texas. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 180 pounds and has brown hair and grey-blue eyes.

The Joy Girl. Of course you are welcome. Colleen Moore was born August 19, 1902, in Port Huron, Mich. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall and has reddish brown hair and one blue and one brown eye. No, there isn't even a fat or thin chance of your Miss Vee Dee entering the picture game; I'm too busy answering questions. Clara Bow was born July 29, 1905. She was married to Rex Bell on December 3, 1931. Clara makes her screen come-back for Fox in "Call Her Savage," from Tiffany Thayer's novel.

Helen W. Dorothy Mackaill and Mary Nolna are 5 feet 5 inches tall; Josephine Dunn is 5 feet 3½; Billie Dove and Carole Lombard are 5 feet 6 inches; Dolores Costello Barrymore is 5 feet 4 inches; Betty Compson is 5 feet 2 inches; Gwen Lee, 5 feet 6½, and Jetta Goudal is 5 feet 7 inches.

Gene C. As far as I know, the femme stars use lipstick in their make-up but don't hold that against them. So do I use lipstick! Nancy Carroll was born in New York City 25 years ago, has been married twice, and is the mother of a pretty daughter, Patricia. Your favorite, Barbara Stanwyck, has the leading rôle in "So Big." A fine cast of well-known players appears with her, among them Bette Davis, Dickie Moore, Guy Kibbe, Hardie Albright and the new leading man, George Brent. Ruth Chatterton has Brent as her leading man in her first Warner picture, "The Rich Are Always With Us."

Edward A. You want to know everything I know about Loretta Young and more if I can give it. What-a-man-Edward! Loretta is the youngest of three sisters, all of whom have achieved recognition on the screen. Her sisters Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young are both in pictures. Loretta was born January 6, 1912, in Salt Lake City, Utah. She has light brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 3½ inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. She played with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "I Like Your Nerve," in "Taxi" with James Cagney, in "The Hatchet Man" with Edward Robinson, in "Play Girl" with Norman Foster. Watch for an exciting story about Loretta in next month's SCREENLAND.

Mrs. E. Y. I have rounded up several stars who were born in the City of Brotherly Love, Philadelphia. Among them are Eleanor Boardman, Janet Gaynor, John and Lionel Barrymore, Eddie Quillan and his sister Marie, George Bancroft, Edmund Burns, and Douglas MacLean. From San Francisco come Barbara Leonard, Carmel Myers, Aileen Pringle and George O'Brien.

Anna S. Away back in 1926, William Haines played with Eleanor Boardman in "Memory Lane," and in 1927, he appeared with Claire Windsor in "A Little Journey." Billy's latest release was "Are You Listening?" with Madge Evans. Anita Page made her first screen appearance with Billy in "Telling the World."

H. de Mello. Honolulu wants information about Paddy O'Flynn—where are you, Paddy? Patsy Ruth Miller has been making pictures for an independent company. Ricardo Cortez has been cast in some of the best box-office bets since pictures have begun to talk. His latest is "Symphony of Six Million" with Irene Dunne, Gregory Ratoff and Anna Appel.

Babe, L. I. City. You like my blurbs, do you? Blurbing as it should be done is my hobby. John Gilbert is an American, born in Logan, Utah. His next offering will be "Downstairs," from his own pen. Ralph Morgan appears in "Disorderly Conduct" with Spencer Tracy and Sally Eilers, and with Warner Oland in "Charlie Chan Carries On." Mr. Morgan was born July 6, 1888, in New York City. He was educated at Trinity School, N. Y., Riverview Military Academy and Columbia University. He practiced law for a year but turned to the stage and for the past twenty-two years has played everything from juveniles to character leads. In 1931 he was signed by Fox for the screen. Mr. Morgan's latest picture is "Strange Interlude," with Norma Shearer and Clark Gable.

Paul L. A. By referring to SCREENLAND, you will find many ineresting pictures and comments about your favorite players, for your scrap-book. A list of all of Gary Cooper's pictures would take too much space but here are his earliest ones: his first important rôle was with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky in "The Winning of Barbara Worth." Then followed "It," "Children of Divorce," "Wings," "Arizona Bound," "Nevada," "Beau Sabreur," "Doomsday," "Half A Bride," "The First Kiss," "The Shopworn Angel," "Wolf Song" and "Lilac Time." Ramon Novarro's earlier releases were "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Scaramouche," "The Midshipman," "Ben Hur," "The Student Prince," "The Road to Romance" and "Forbidden Hours."

B. M. Newbury. The author of "The Younger Generation" is Fannie Hurst. The film was produced in 1929 (a silent), with Lina Basquette, Ricardo Cortez and Jean Hersholt as the principals. The popular song, *Paradise,* was from Pola Negri's picture, "A Woman Commands." John Barrymore is the *Baron* and brother Lionel is *Otto Kringelein,* the bookkeeper in "Grand Hotel."

Miss Elizabeth W. As far as I know, Norma Shearer has no thought of retiring from the screen. Her new picture is "Strange Interlude" with Clark Gable. Norma was born August 10, 1904, in Montreal, Canada. She has light brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. She was married on October 6, 1927, to Irving Thalberg. Their son, Irving, Jr., was born August 24, 1930. Norma's first screen appearance was in 1920, a small part in "The Stealers." Since then she has made screen history with some of the most popular films produced. She was never a Wampas Baby Star.

Tom and Frank. Fay Wray is still the wife of John Monk Saunders. Fay is in the cast of "The Most Dangerous Game," for RKO. Billie Dove was born May 14, 1904. Her first screen rôle was in "Polly of the Follies" with Constance Talmadge in 1922. Lane Chandler was born June 4, 1901. Buddy Rogers deserted Hollywood for Broadway, where he can be found in Ziegfeld's musical show, "Hot-Cha!" and in his spare time he conducts a dance orchestra at the Pennsylvania Hotel, and while resting he croons for NBC.

Buck Jones Fan. You think we don't do right by your favorite—you want a whole page devoted to him. We'll try to remedy that. Buck was christened Charles and was born in Vincennes, Indiana, about 41 years ago. He is 5 feet 11½ inches tall, weighs 173 pounds and has brown hair and grey eyes. He is married and has a daughter of thirteen. His latest films are "The Deadline," with Loretta Sayers, and "The Range Feud" with John Wayne and Susan Fleming.

Anita Page on the porch of her cottage at Manhattan Beach, California. Anita lives at this beach cottage all year 'round. Anita has just signed a nice new contract with Metro.

Bright Boy—*Continued from page 69*

In the meantime, the ambitious lad was also broadcasting over the radio, if you please, as a singer.

"Did you have any time to fall in love?" I wanted to know.

Eric grinned. "I'm afraid I did. There always seems time for that. I had two frightful cases. Actually left home for a while on account of one of them. But now, well, I guess I've lived so fast that I've outgrown girls of my own age. I prefer older, more experienced women now," he confides, never realizing that this is just the phase every bright boy of twenty or so goes through.

Eric stands five feet nine inches high, and weighs 140 pounds. He has wavy brown hair and large intense brown eyes. For all his "experience," his chin is still youthful, his manner boyish and naïve. He's a rugged youngster, revels in all kinds of out-door sports.

His Hollywood manager is W. B. Hawks, Bessie Love's husband. Whether it was Hawks or Eric's own charms, the fact remains that Eric has been rushed through six pictures since coming to Hollywood six months ago.

"You know, I won my Hollywood contract on the Lord's Prayer," says Eric. "I was broadcasting on a Tuesday when they sent for me for a test. They told me to do something dramatic. So the most dramatic thing I could think of was the Lord's Prayer. The test was sent to Hollywood by air and I left for Hollywood myself by air at 3 a. m. Thursday, arriving on a Sunday, and went to work on Monday."

Well, you've seen him with Cagney in "The Crowd Roars"; and "Love-Starved" with Helen Twelvetrees; and "Road House Murder" with Dorothy Jordan. Next came "New York Town" (they'll probably change the title of this) with Joan Blondell, in which he is the wide-eyed boy from Indiana with $1100 who strikes the big city, a wild love affair, and a "big lesson."

R.K.O. has Eric on a five-year contract, with the usual option clauses. He's already getting a little restive about salary. Because, as he explains, he just must put his older brother through college, and give him his chance. Another older brother is an engineer, and his sister is married.

"I'm an uncle," beams Eric proudly. "My sister has two boys, seven and nine years old. I get no end of a kick out of those kids. It was keen taking them to the zoo, for instance."

Eric is a popular youngster around the studio where they insist he's "so modest." But I think Eric knows he's good—he's just discreet and diplomatic enough to avoid getting swell-headed about it. Besides, one gets a lot farther along by being a nice earnest modest chap that everyone wants to hand a little boost to.

And don't forget Eric is a September baby, born under the sign of Virgo—apt to be practical, discriminative, critical, very industrious—and highly intelligent. They have plenty of poise—and poise is a valuable asset in Hollywood! These cool-headed fellows have a distinct edge on the temperamental, excitable ones.

Eric says he's going to be a playwright yet. His head is teeming with ideas for plays. He would like to be in the Noel Coward class, writer, actor, producer. He still feels that inspiration would flow in the $300 a year retreat on the Riviera!

Summer Lines—*Continued from page 71*

enhance their color use eye-shadow of a shade becoming to you and your gown. Apply the shadow heavily at the lashes, blending it well up on the lid so there is no distinguishing line. Make-up is seldom noticed if it is artistically applied. Just a touch is sufficient in the daytime. At night, because the lights kill color, a little more gives accent.

Now to return to our sculpturing process: Use the middle and ring fingers of both hands to flatten out the puffed and summer-thickened muscles that run from the nose to the corners of the mouth. Beginning at the top press firmly (upward) along this line, moving the fingers slightly down each time. Don't drag the muscles down. The object is to flatten them. Then there is less danger of the wrinkle that follows in the crevice of that muscle. Don't fool yourself by calling it a "laugh-wrinkle." There is nothing to laugh about when there is a wrinkle appearing. While it is entirely possible to remove deep-seated ones, it is infinitely easier to keep them away as you go along.

You can spend as much time as you can spare working on that line and it will be time wisely spent. Keep these muscles well-exercised so they will not begin to "break" too soon. This vigorous pressing will bring the blood and firm the flesh. Use scads of nourishing cream and plenty of energy here. Now press firmly under the cheek bone from nose to ear. Isn't that an odd feeling. It's fun finding nerves you didn't know you had. This gives your face new life at once. Wipe off the cream. Spank your face smartly with skin-tonic. Take a cool shower and then you are as good as new—body rested ready to be alert and graceful; eyes refreshed ready to be captivatingly expressive; face glowing with the stimulation of new life. If you don't have a good time, it's your own fault!

After using creams, never wipe your fingers on a towel; wipe the excess cream onto your elbows. The towel doesn't need it—your elbows do. Do the same thing with excess hand lotion, then you will never need to give your elbows any special treatments. Just because you can't see them don't imagine that you can neglect them and get away with it. A soft, smooth elbow is a delightful addition to a woman's charm—and so easy to have—economical, too, for elbows are grateful for "leavings."

Well, do my eyes deceive me—what about that frown line between your eyes? Oh, have I offended you? You haven't one? You mean you think you haven't! That's easily understood, for you never see yourself frown. Most of us frown unconsciously more than we realize. Watch your face when you are trying to remember something. You'll frown a little every time. The effort of concentrated thinking makes us pucker our brows. I can't imagine why, but we do. Then, of course, the summer sun makes you frown to shade your eyes. I wouldn't dream of accusing you of frowning because of irritability or impatience, but you have seen others do it, I'm sure.

In any event, send your little, sculpturing, hammering fingers up to your forehead to shape it into happy smoothness. Stroke your forehead too—up and out—and let your thoughts follow that pattern. Send them *up* above discord and pettiness and *out* to include others in interest and sympathy. Then you will be giving yourself a beauty treatment within as well as without. The combination will make you charming.

Up!

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Roses and Razzes

Continued from page 9

A BUDDING STAR?

She is as beautiful as Constance Bennett, as sweet as Janet Gaynor, as natural as Ann Harding, and as dramatically sincere as Greta Garbo.

I have seen her in just one picture—"The Rainbow Trail." She played opposite George O'Brien, and her name is Cecelia Parker.

If she is offered the right rôles I believe she will be a great star within a few years.

Eleanor Merriam,
4649 Woodlawn Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

TUT! THEY'VE LEARNED SOME NEW WORDS!

A few of the reasons I no longer attend the movies:

"Oh, yeah? Well, get a load of this!"

"What am I supposed t'do, bust out cryin'?"

"I was never more serious in my life!"

"Says you!" "Says me!"

"Ya double-crossin' skirt—Bam!"

"My sweet! ? ! !"

Mrs. Robert H. Quinn,
140 First St.,
Mechanicsville, N. Y.

NOTHING "WET" ABOUT THEM!

After viewing "The Wet Parade," all I can say is, let's all give Dorothy Jordan and Robert Young a large bouquet!

In the sympathy and understanding with which they "lived" their parts, they can make some of the older and more experienced players sit up and take notice.

The rest of the cast was excellent also, but the fine restraint with which these two endowed their parts, when they could so easily have made them either ridiculous or melodramatic, show them to be players of rare ability.

I should like to see them together again in something equally good.

Della Mattieson,
250 South Fifth East Street,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

ALL RIGHT—WHO'S ARGUING?

Some people, it seems, are beginning to think that Charlie Chaplin is a back number. But is he? Then why did the police have to use tear gas to keep the crowds in order in Los Angeles when "City Lights" had its first night? And why has "City Lights" taken in millions of dollars?

I'll tell you why. After fifteen years or more on the screen Charles Chaplin is as great a figure as ever. His style of comedy will never grow old. Chaplin in those baggy pants, floppy shoes and rakish derby is still the best-known figure in the screen world.

Mitchell Kowal,
2924 Page Ave.,
Jackson, Mich.

How do you like Janet Gaynor's new grown-up coiffure? Janet wears this sophisticated hair-dress for "The First Year," her first sophisticated film. With Charlie Farrell, of course!

WAIT! HE'S JUST BEGUN!

Please let me express my great admiration for a new star whose work is truly deserving of praise. Who? Why, Johnny Weissmuller, of course!

Anyone who saw him in "Tarzan" will heartily agree with me. His portrayal of that super-hero left no room for criticism. Ideally suited to the part, he gave a perfect performance. I saw this thrilling picture three times, and could view it again with as much enjoyment. Johnny has made the nation Tarzan-conscious! Here's hoping he'll continue playing the great he-man in every one of Edgar Rice Burroughs' books, at the head of the same cast that made "Tarzan" what it was.

Marion Phelan,
152 Plaza Ave.,
Waterbury, Conn.

THOSE INSTRUCTIVE TALKIES

Most people attend the movies simply to be entertained, but for me the pictures serve also as a theatrical training school.

As a dramatic coach, I find it is very helpful to be able to study the actual facial expressions, poses, and vocal intonations of the screen players, to say nothing of the many ideas I get from the pictures in regard to costumes and scenery.

A bit of superb acting in one of our recent high school assemblies was wholly inspired by the character portrayal of the mother in "Broken Lullaby."

Filmland and its players have made all this possible for girls and boys who are financially unable to go to dramatic schools.

May the movie world continue to present these splendid opportunities!

Emma Jane Williams,
287 High St.,
Berlin, N. H.

THE MEN WHO COUNT

The fans usually go into ecstasies and rhapsodies over the merits of their favorite stars. However, I believe that some of the praise should go to the real geniuses of the screen—the directors.

Of course, I enjoy the stars. I appreciate the charm of a Norma Shearer, the power of an Edward G. Robinson, the variety of a Ruth Chatterton, and the finesse of a George Arliss. But the men at whose shrine I worship are the Ernst Lubitsches, the King Vidors, the W. S. Van Dykes. It is their artistry, their brains, their vision, that are responsible for our screen masterpieces.

To these directors I feel that I owe an eternal debt of gratitude. I feel toward them the admiration and esteem that I give to a fine artist, sculptor, or writer. They are the men who lift us out of ourselves and satisfy our yearning for beauty and joy.

Pearl Custer,
315 League St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Summer!

yet your powder clings, rouge stays on and you look always lovely

BY PATRICIA GORDON

Summer . . . with old ocean beckoning down the white sands . . . limpid lakes mirroring forth joy . . . slim young bodies flashing into caressing waters. Summer . . . calling you to a thousand activities . . . whispering of romance in night silence . . . thrilling you with the joy of living every golden hour intensely.

Ah, yes! But there must be no pale cheeks after the swim . . . no overflushed appearance of exertion 'neath the sun's ardors . . . no shiny nose. You must remain serenely, coolly beautiful under all conditions to fully enjoy summer . . .

"Summer-Proof" Make-up. Princess Pat beauty aids, if used together, give a *summer-proof* make-up. You can actually go in swimming and come out with color perfect—or dance through the evening secure in the knowledge that one application of make-up is sufficient for lasting beauty.

For make-up that will last under trying conditions you first apply Princess Pat Ice Astringent—just as you would ordinary vanishing cream. Only, you see, Ice Astringent gives the skin lasting coolness, contracts the pores and makes the skin of fine, beautiful texture. After Ice Astringent, use Princess Pat rouge for color which moisture will not affect. Then use Princess Pat almond base powder—the most clinging powder ever made—and one which gives beautiful, pearly lustre. And, of course, Princess Pat wonderful new lip rouge!

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